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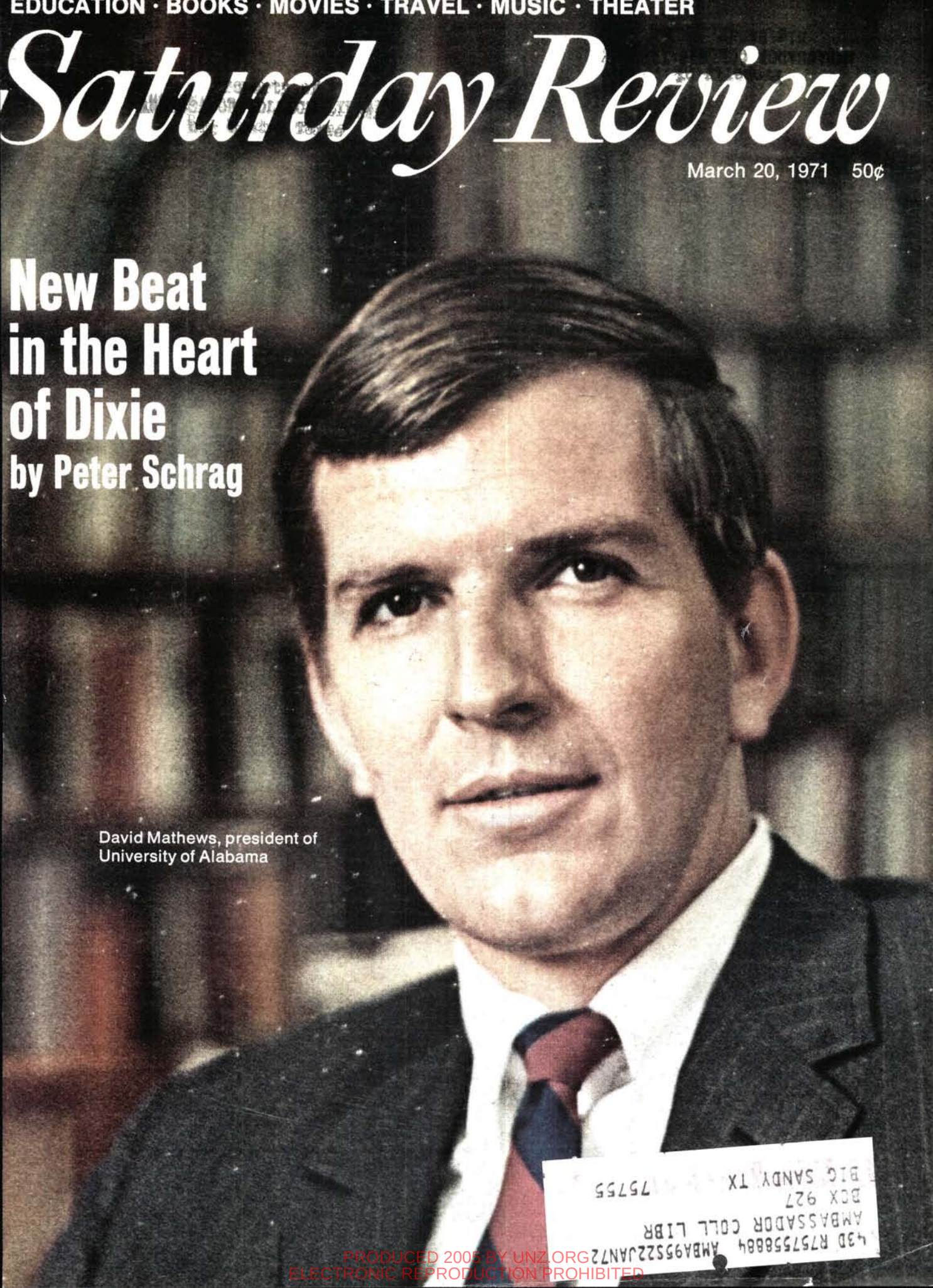
Saturday Review

March 20, 1971 50¢

New Beat in the Heart of Dixie

by Peter Schrag



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"You have blue eyes. You are inferior."

In Riceville, Iowa, a teacher named Jane Elliott taught her all-white class the meaning of an ugly word.

The blue-eyed Mrs. Elliott told her third graders that brown-eyed people are superior.

The blue eyes had to sit in the back of the class. They drank from paper cups, not the fountain. They were refused second helpings at lunch. And they received five minutes less recess.

Soon, the blue eyes were acting like inferior people. They did their lessons poorly. And the brown-eyed children behaved as though they were really superior.

The next Monday, Mrs. Elliott reversed the roles. And suddenly, the brown-eyed children were behaving like inferior pupils.

Mrs. Elliott's pupils know the meaning of discrimination and prejudice. They have experienced it.

Every American child should have a gifted teacher like Jane Elliott. For education to match the challenge of our times calls for more than money. It calls for the imagination of our brightest people.

Yet, a Mrs. Elliott is the exception, not the rule. And will be, until we again give priority to the education of our children.

Our most precious resource is not the plants that dot our land, the cities that house our people, the fields that grow our crops, or the wealth that pays for bittersweet affluence.

Our most precious resource is the child who becomes the man or woman who will inherit this nation.

We cannot fail to give our first priority to the development of that resource.

Unless we are content to become an inferior nation.

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March 20, 1971

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by Peter Schrag

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Free Abortion on Demand is now a familiar demand of many women's groups. The knell of the nuclear family has been sounded by a number of psychologists including R. D. Laing and David Cooper. And both groups are getting an assist from scientists who, in their relentless testing of frontiers, have found many ways to liberate men and women from the notion that anatomy is destiny. At least so it seems in BRAVE NEW BABY, a new book by David Rorvik.

According to Rorvik, we will very soon be able to choose from a dazzling smorgasbord of methods of reproductions. There is, for example, telegenesis: reproduction by the comingling of two sex cells obtained from points distant in space. And paleogenesis, in which two sex cells are obtained at different points in time. Thus, mom and dad don't have to be on the same planet for conception to take place. They don't even have to be alive at the same time. Furthermore, through sophisticated techniques of genetic engineering, parents can decide just how smart they want junior to be. And speaking of parents, cloning does not require the traditional number or act for procreation. How's that for shaking up the nuclear family?

Other kinds of liberation are also in the offing. Studying could become a quaint custom of the past. Education by injection will take its place. With a simple shot that might be combined with small pox immunization, we will be able to inject a complete course in physics, Sanskrit, or book editing. Cosmetic surgery of the mind will help us blot out our unpleasant memories, or intensify happy ones. Hormones will prolong our life span, and immortality could be achieved through cryogenics, hibernation, by maintaining the brain outside the body indefinitely, or by transplanting it into a younger one.

Rorvik's brave new world with its brave new babies sounds promising. It also sounds perilous. Whether the promise or the peril is fulfilled is up to us, I guess. Meanwhile, it's good to know what the options are.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

BRAVE NEW BABY ($5.95), by David Rorvik, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 10451 Northhoff, Northridge, California 91324.

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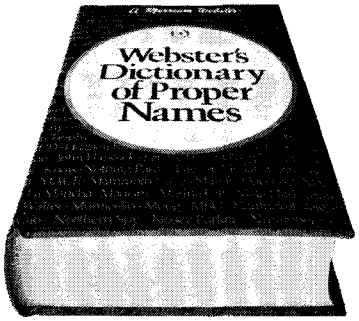

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DOUBLEDAY

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Senior Citizens Lib Movement

OK. THE WOMEN have fought the good fight to demonstrate they are not to be considered mere telephone operators, typists, mannequins, or, God forbid, the lovable possessions of men. In particular, Women's Lib has adlibbed brilliantly and successfully in its crusade for day-care services for children.

But now it is time to turn to another nervous group of second-class citizens: the elderly who are fighting for more day- and night-care nursing homes for the aged and struggling for a haven during the time of life that is euphemistically referred to as "When you reach December."

A cruel metaphor. Men and women, aged seventy, would be better served, and better able to cope with the frightening and eroding processes, if they were referred to as having reached September. Psychologically, they could better survive if they have reached October at eighty, November at ninety, and December at 100. In January they are on their own.

At age seventy, eighty, or ninety, no woman is provided with a grandmother sitter. Granny and/or Granddaddy are accused of the heinous offense of growing old, coughing hackingly, hardening their arteries, failing in their hearing, and harboring cataracts.

They have been judged by a jury of their relative peers and found guilty of intent to grow old in the first degree. They have been shunted off to overcrowded and undertended homes for the old, if there is space. That's the plight of our senior citizens.

In contrast, for our freshman citizens, aged one to five, more day-care centers are sprouting everywhere. Thanks in measure to Women's Lib, the tots are winning their revolution. Happy and carefree, they are spending their young age in comforting and salubrious group therapy.

That they are flourishing and growing mentally is manifest by the overwhelming number of clever sayings attributed to little kids. They are forever, and tiresomely, being quoted in the press and in books. "Out of the mouths of babes," the belief is, "come words of great wisdom and sparkling wit." No four- or five-year-old ever tells a humorless joke. That's a lot of Pablum! Who do they think they are? No baby was ever President of the United States—or even president of a bankrupt railroad.

There are sluggards in all age groups. In first childhood and in second childhood. Infants aren't born with a gift for comedy. I have known four- and five-week-olds who couldn't adlib a burp after a bottle of formula without being savagely pummeled on the back. As for those who, now and then, do come up with a big yak, I'm of the opinion that they have writers.

The monologist Sam Levenson has made a career out of the funny things children are said to have said. And with no residuals to the kids. The other day I heard Mr. Levenson tell the one about a little boy who had lost his mother at an airport and asked a baggage handler: "Did you see a woman walking around here without a kid that looks like me?" OK, if Mr. Levenson can come up with the kid who said that, I can get that tike a job on *Laugh-In.*

Now what about the old folks? Are they to be seen and not heard? To get a better public image, and to start a vigorous crusade for more and better homes for the aged, the oldsters should begin a program to call attention to the humorous things they say, which will also make them cute and cuddly. A public relations man could have their sparks of humor mimeographed and distributed.

Like the little old lady I heard about who went to her doctor for her annual checkup.

"You are in good shape," he said "for a woman of your age. How old are you now, my dear?"

"I am one hundred and two years old," she replied.

"One hundred and two! Amazing! You are in extraordinary shape."

"Thank you, doctor. I'll see you next year."

"I hope so. You sound very confident."

"I am. I looked up the statistics," she said, "and I found that very few women die between one hundred and two and one hundred and three."

If it works for little children, it will work for old folks. We live in times of revolution. No section of the citizenry has failed to demonstrate for the goals it seeks.

Arise, old-timers of the world! But slowly. Throw off your shackles, your canes, your shawls, and, if possible, your glasses. Demonstrate! But peacefully! March in a proud parade down Fifth Avenue. A short parade. Say, from 57th Street to 55th Street. We don't want anyone tiring, do we?

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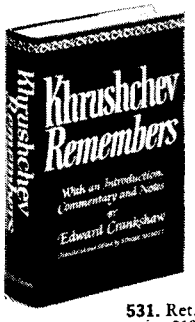

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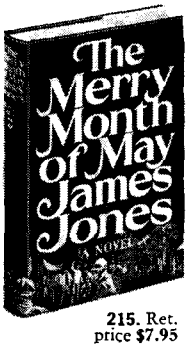

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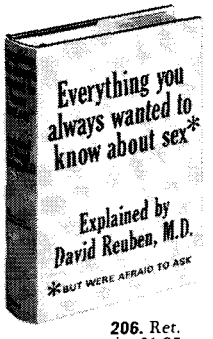

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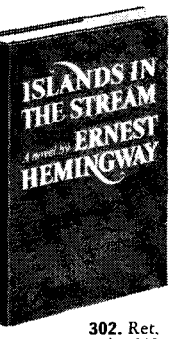

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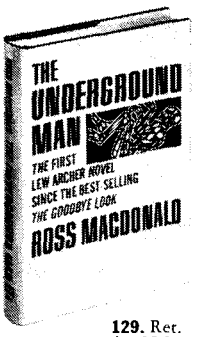

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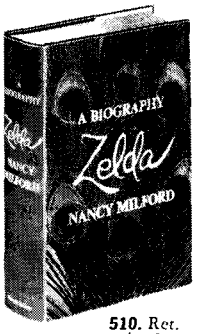

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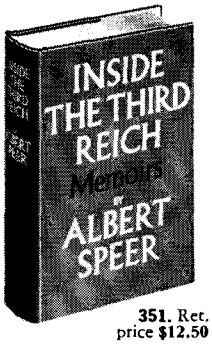

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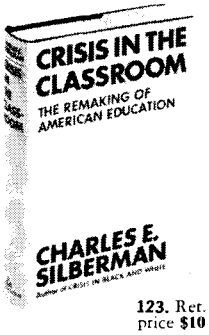

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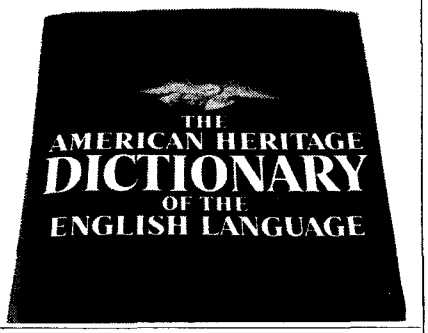

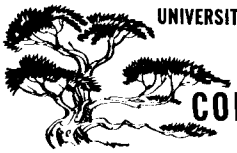

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Irving Kolodin

Tourel as the Countess in a TV "Queen of Spades"

OPERA AND TELEVISION have had an unhappy marriage of inconvenience over a more than twenty-year period, but the root cause of the *mésalliance* has never, for this viewer, emerged with such clarity as it did about five minutes into NET's showing of Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*. There was, in the bright performance of the Overture by a Boston Symphony ensemble led by Peter Herman Adler, a surge of promise for an enlivening musical experience; and, in the superimposed shots of several principal characters, happy indications of something creative in Kirk Browning's direction. Then the "performance" began, with none-too-accomplished Americans impersonating Russian officers and articulating, in ever-so-careful English, lines on the order of, "As usual, I am los-ing," killing illusion, thwarting interest, and causing the mind to review alternate possibilities on the TV schedule.

It at once became clear, as it had not in the twenty years before, that the mating of television and opera can be productive only when a great performance is documented, or when the original subject matter is transformed, with imagination and ingenuity, into a new kind of composite specifically suited to this medium. For all the talent involved and all the effort expended, this *Queen of Spades* did not qualify as either. Jennie Tourel as the Countess gave what, in all justice, may be called a great performance: sure, perceptive, and without a wasted inflection or an inappropriate gesture. Much of Adler's conducting served the feverish heat of the best music in Tchaikovsky's score admirably. But the level of interpretative effort fell off sharply thereafter. Vahan Khanzadian, as the ill-fated Gherman, who cherishes the Countess's secret of the "three cards" that will enable him to make a killing at faro, has a fresh young voice reminiscent of David Poleri's at a similar stage of that ill-fated singer's career; Evelyn Mandac, as the enamored of Gherman, is even more richly endowed with a pliant, warm soprano sound. But neither has the kind of dramatic resource to evoke a characterization, or the simplicity of mime and facial play to withstand a probing eye, particularly so probing a one as the zoom lens of the TV camera. John Reardon as Tomsky was the best of the officers, which is no earthshaking compliment.

There is, periodically, in Browning's direction ample evidence that he, no less than anyone else, is aware that, lacking documentation of a great performance, opera on TV should be special to the medium. Much in Tchaikovsky's creation that is extraneous to the main plot line has been

Computative Oak

by Ruth Berman

The computer was supposed to be a carpenter Tuesday
And build a house.
Instead, it calculated the proper planes and angles,
Taking into account the necessity
Of not splitting the wood,
And whittled out a minute oak-tree,
Complete down to the last wooden leaf
Caught in mid-flutter in what was plainly
A breeze of some strength.
We were somewhat distressed,
As that was not on its program,
But a check of its banks
Revealed pictures (properly coded) of oaks,
As well as other trees and objects on the grounds.
Also a program for computing
Solid shapes from various
Flat representations.
And I would have been satisfied,
Except that, with its oak before me,
I still feel the invisible wooden breeze
Chilling my hand.

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eliminated to promote concentration on Gherman's desperation and its consequence (as well as to save time). Certainly the details of the crucial game itself have never been so visible, with the camera craftily employed to convert the viewer into an over-shoulder participant with the players' themselves. But as often as the treatment verges on what television opera should be, it lapses, again, into verbal and visual clichés related to "opera in English" in all its mundane conventionality. These include adaptation of the Russian text into libretto-English that makes the rise and fall of syllables all too predictable.

In its mechanical aspects NET's *Queen of Spades* (filmed in Boston) is a tribute to the best skills now available, from the colorful costumes of Louis Brown and the well-designed settings of Francis Mahard to the excellent color of the direction supervised by Kirk Browning. As TV entertainment, this version of *The Queen of Spades*, and the manner of its telling, may have retained the attention of the unindoctrinated longer than some prior ventures with opera on TV. As opera, it could well have caused the indoctrinated to tune out because they had not been turned on.

For those to whom the ceremonial observance of Dorothy Kirsten's twenty-fifth anniversary as a Metropolitan Opera singer might have had a slightly hollow sound, the absent resonance might have pertained to how often as well as to how long she had appeared in the Met, new and old. When it is recalled that such singers of historic importance to the company as Lauritz Melchior and Jan Peerce didn't make the twenty-five-year bracket by a season or two, the importance of the accolade diminishes considerably.

Taking a cue from the sports world, where records of duration are coupled with statistics on frequency, it might be well for future citations in this genre to be based on values other than the merely chronological. Right now, the recognition is apt to relate more to commerce than it does to art.

A sudden indisposition on the day before the concert caused the cancellation of the much-awaited recital in Philharmonic Hall by mezzo Shirley Verrett. She was replaced, at short notice, by the above-mentioned Jan Peerce, still up to making an artistic experience of a taxing program though the vocal quality is now more strained than resonant. Peerce was among those waiting to perform on the night the Radio City Music Hall opened on December 27, 1932, with an overgenerous list of talent, some of which never did get on stage. There was nothing, in this most recent appearance, to belie his forty years of public performance as a singer; but, also, much to testify to it.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Under the Rainbow

MODERN LIFE may be best dramatized by viewing its horrors and its misery in comic terms, and two important new plays have come along, both of which have many of the qualities of comedy but both of which deal with very unpleasant situations.

The better of the two is John Guare's Off-Broadway hit *The House of Blue Leaves,* which outrageously yet responsibly depicts the doomed career of Artie Shaughnessy, a middle-aged zoo attendant who aspires to be a writer of popular songs. Guare has personified in Artie the American dream of success and the destructive forces unleashed by the frustration of never achieving it. Artie's wife, Bananas, has gone mental; his draftee son, Ronnie, is so anxious to become famous that he plans to blow up the Pope, who is visiting New York City on the day the play takes place; and his mistress, Bunny Flingus, has a seemingly excessive faith both in the Pope's powers and in Artie's impending triumph out in Hollywood.

The play maintains a spirit of savage comedy unmatched here since Peter Nichols's *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* was presented on Broadway three seasons back. Whereas in that play a spastic child was cruelly joked about, in this, it is an insane wife who is the mocked symbol of a sociologically diseased family.

But Guare is one of the most original of our new playwrights, and the play is organic to his personal brand of sophisticated humor. Savage, but nonetheless compassionate, is his sardonic description of cripples who have been driven thousands of miles to lie in the gutter and take snapshots of His Holiness as he passes. Wryly imaginative is such a tender speculation as: "When famous people go to sleep at night, it's us they dream of, Artie." Furthermore, the playwright shows a superb theatrical sense that reminds one of Feydeau, when a vintage Hollywood actress drops her hearing aid on the floor and must pretend to listen to Artie, who has seized the opportunity to play her his songs.

However, Guare's comic facility is inextricable from an utter and moving emotional sincerity. When Bananas tells us, "My nails are all different lengths. I can feel them growing . . . they're connected to my veins and heart and pulling my insides out my fingers," she is heartbreaking as well as ridiculously concerned with looking proper for the Pope, who at a distance could not possibly notice or care about such details. And when Artie tells her he plans to ask His Holiness to make her better so that he won't feel so bad leaving her, we see both his touching love and his comic insensitivity to his own guilt in the matter. If Brecht had written the line, it would have been a didactic joke. With Guare, it is a desperate expression of ludicrously conflicting inner emotions.

It is difficult for both the audience and the actors to find the exact wave length for Guare's unique mixture. Director Mel Shapiro has trusted the playwright's instincts. Thus, the play's frequent overreachings, which give the impression that it is not quite working on its own steam, become inseparable from a fulfilled expression of Guare's artistic personality.

As Artie, Harold Gould emphasizes the protagonist's human decency. Adaptation to common-sense considerations seems to have emasculated his capacity as an artist and as a lover. Because he buries his frustrations so deep, his final, wordless act, the strangling of Bananas, emerges as grotesque and therefore within the black, zany framework of the rest of the proceedings. Katherine Helmond mixes a pathetic despair and a comic dottiness as Bananas. And Anne Meara is the essence of pure nerve and misplaced values as the fiercely funny Bunny.

The House of Blue Leaves is as capriciously volatile as the bluebirds of elusive happiness that flit from bare tree to bare tree outside the insane asylum Bananas is headed for. Yet, its delights are so great and its vision so essentially true that I find myself valuing it more highly than any new play this season.

Paul Zindel, who gave us *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds,* which was voted last season's best American play by the New York Drama Critics Circle, has again picked a rather depressing situation to describe in *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little.* Two schoolteacher sisters are meeting for supper to decide about committing a third to a mental institution. The unfortunate sister, Anna, has a number of psychotic symptoms, but the one that most concerns her older sister, Ceil, is that she has tampered with the morals of one of her male teen-aged students. Ceil has risen to the job of supervisor in the school system and appears more anxious about how the scandal will affect her position than she does about Anna. A third sister, Catherine, who years ago lost her boy friend to the predatory Ceil, has taken to drink and is too far gone to protect Anna.

The playwright intimates that these sisters are victims of a past life with a mother who was divorced from their father and of the general bitchiness of women living together. The underlying strength of the play is that Zindel has convincingly described the unbelievably uncouth and selfish way people who are emotionally bound to each other interact. The composed and efficient Ceil is pushed into blowing her cool and hysterically stuffing raw meat down the mouth of her fanatically vegetarian sister. And the sarcastic Ceil is shockingly casual about her final decision to put Anna away. Along the way there are some splendid theatrical moments, stemming mainly from the humor of Anna's obsession with avoiding any commodity that involves the death of an animal and from a couple of incidents when Anna shoots a pistol at her guests.

Under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, Estelle Parsons as Catherine, Julie Harris as Anna, and Nancy Marchand as Ceil fashion effective characterizations. And Bill Macy and Rae Allen give the action a needed boost with their appearance as a husband and wife who intrude to add their own grotesque misery to that of the three sisters.

Unfortunately, the sickness on which the play feeds is more exploited than explored, and though we have been frequently entertained, we are ultimately dissatisfied. There is a lot to be written about such women as these. And Mr. Zindel writes a little.

At one of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre's busy complex of four playhouses, Siobhan McKenna is offering an amazing evening called *Here Are Ladies.* The first portion of the presentation is a series of brief glimpses of characters created by Irish poets and playwrights. But interesting as these are, they seem pale in comparison with the second half of the evening, in which Miss McKenna concentrates on James Joyce. Her performance of the Molly Bloom soliloquy from *Ulysses* is unqualifiedly magnificent and reveals how deep the talent runs in this truly great actress.

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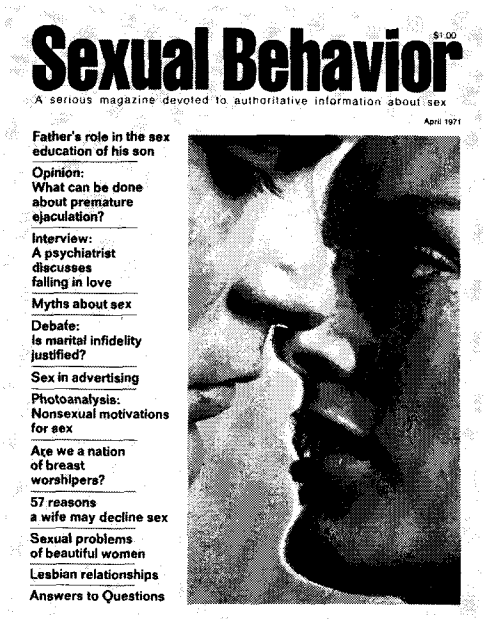
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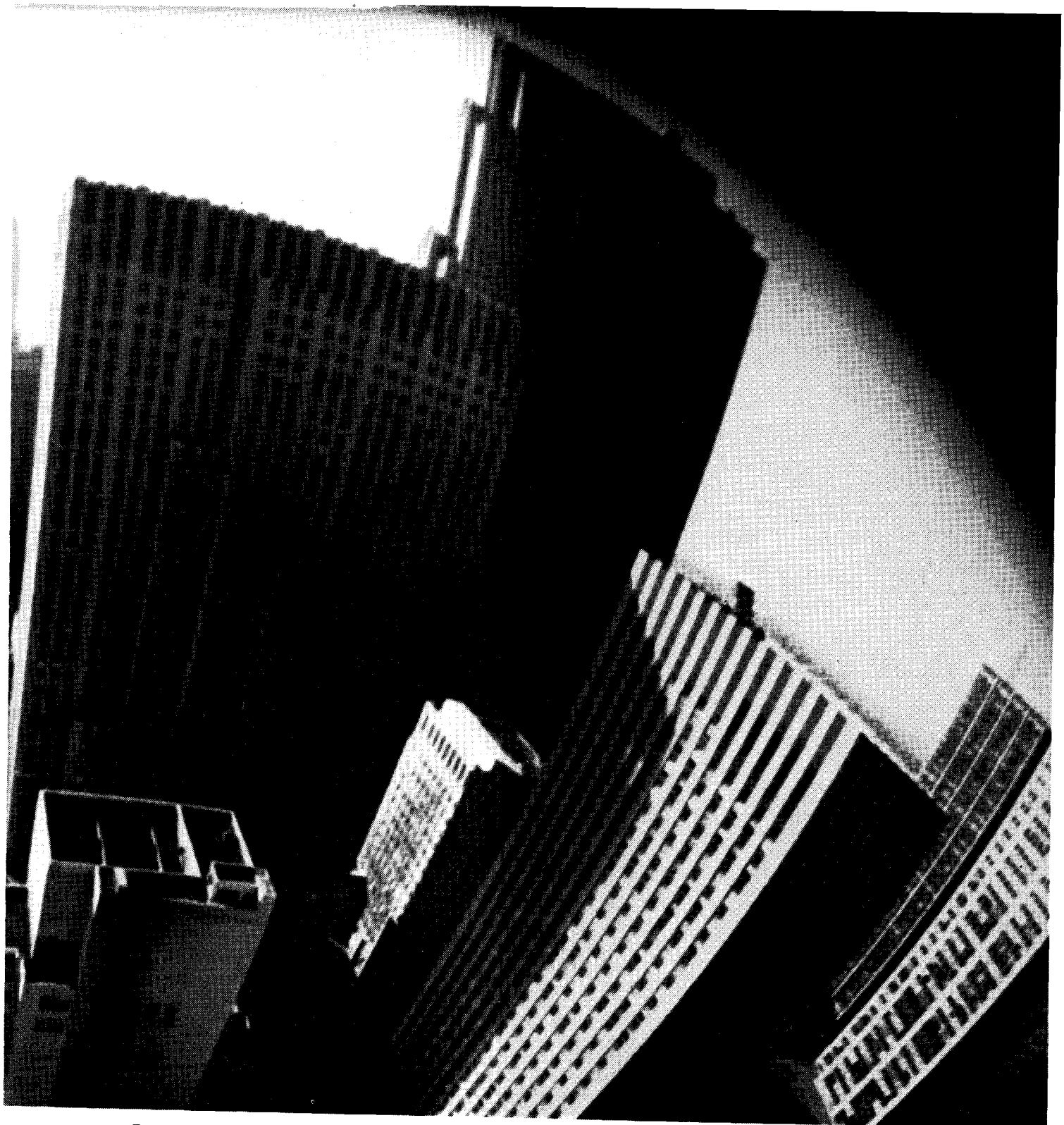

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

At the National Book Awards, out-of-town reviewers were treated to some exciting panel shows. The first of these was a seminar entitled "Sex-ism in Children's Books." Jackie Bernard, Carol Jacobs, and Pat Ross, members of Feminists on Children's Media, gave a film and tape report that, among other things, noted:

A heavy preponderance of boys' stories;
The younger sister-girl "ninny" syndrome;
Boys, older and taller, outnumbering girls in most illustrations;
Boys portrayed as smarter, with greater initiative and achievement;
Father working and playing creatively with children;
Mother forever wearing aprons and cast in supportive, passive roles;
Men assuming a wide variety of roles and activities;
Women almost exclusively portrayed as mothers and teachers;
Girls encouraged to choose only traditional roles: housewife, secretary, nurse.

It's Children's Lib, we guess, for Children's Lit.

The "Spring Author" panel was chaired by Herb Kenny, book editor of the Boston *Globe*. "Spring authors," he told us, "are like spring tides. They are full." Among the authors he introduced as having various degrees of what he called "writer-itis" were Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Walker Percy, Jim Bouton, and John Sack.

Walker Percy, author of the forthcoming *Love in the Ruins* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), was the star performer. "My book," he said, "is a book that you haven't read and I don't feel like talking about. If I described it as a futuristic satire, you would immediately associate it with Orwell or Huxley. The fact is, however, it's not like their books at all." Mr. Percy did, however, reassure us. "It does not discriminate between race, color, or national origin," he said. "There's a little something here to offend everyone. The hero," he went on, "finds himself in a ruined, green-covered Howard Johnson motel with three girls. One of the girls is a Presbyterian.

"I come," Mr. Percy also told us, "from the Deep South. The South is now, for the first time in a hundred years, off the hook. It's not that we're no longer stigmatized—it's just that the rest of the country is in trouble too. So if the novel has a message, it is: Don't give up, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia. Louisiana is with you. Georgia is on your side."

John Sack, co-author with Lt. William Calley of the forthcoming *Lieutenant Calley* (Viking), brought his listeners up short with an extraordinary defense of Calley. "We're all at fault," he told us dramatically. "They kill someone and then they say, 'See, there's a dead one. He must be a Communist. If he isn't a Communist, what is he doing being dead?' " Sack pointed out that last year Americans were killing Vietnamese civilians at a rate of a thousand and a half a week. "Lieutenant Calley didn't do it. He was in Fort Benning, Georgia."

During the question period, Sack was asked where his "thousand and a half a week" statistic had come from. "From Ted Kennedy's subcommittee," he said. "And that's really an underestimate. It just counts those who get to hospitals or are actually seen and counted. It doesn't begin to include the unreported dead. Lieutenant Calley estimated to me that the ratio of civilians to soldiers killed was 100 to 1." As if this were not enough, Sack then went further. "Lieutenant Calley is a very normal guy," he said. "He is compassionate. He is considerate." At this he was subjected to a veritable barrage of questions from, among others, John Barkham of the *SR* syndicate, Messrs. Cromie and Bradley from Chicago, and yours truly, who wanted to know, among other things, why he had chosen to collaborate with Calley in the first place. The panel broke up in, if not high dudgeon, at least low dissent.

The final seminar, "The Conscience of the Writer," was called to order by Herbert Mitgang, president-elect of the Authors' Guild. "Panelists, front and center," he said, and promptly three authors came forward. "As I go over Nikki Giovanni, Jerzy Kosinski, Kurt Vonnegut, and Herb Mitgang," Mr. Mitgang said, "I consider it a pretty un-American group. It sounds like the backfield for Notre Dame."

Kurt Vonnegut, whose *Slaughterhouse-Five* was a former Book Award nominee, approached the subject humorously. He told us that Harriet Beecher Stowe was the only writer in history who had some effect on world events. "I have a bad conscience about being a writer at all," he said. "This upsets me more than I can say. I think my anxiety is of having told family secrets, or having offended my parents.

"I also have down here," he said, peering at his notes, " 'Conscience doth make cowards of us all.' I don't know how I was going to use that." He paused. "Writers drink too much," he said. "Kerouac, Fitzgerald, Faulkner. Hemingway, too. He was looking for something. So he shot it. So let's have a drink."

Asked about Norman Mailer, Mr. Vonnegut was stern. "I have made a study of careers in America, and they last only twenty years. Mailer was a novelist for twenty years, and now he's become a journalist. I think he's right. When you've done anything for twenty years, you're past your prime."

Jerzy Kosinski, author of *Steps* (winner of the 1969 National Book Award for fiction) and of the forthcoming *Being There* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), was more serious. He spoke movingly of the "inking, two-dimensional" world of writing as opposed to the "spectator, non-reality" world of the visual. "But I exclude theater," he said. "If the writer can confront the reader from within, there is a chance," he concluded. "He and his readers are the arms of the same clock. But the hour is late."

Nikki Giovanni, the so-called "princess of black poetry" and the author of the forthcoming *Gemini* (Bobbs-Merrill), said that she was very nervous. "But," she added, "the black experience does not mean suffering to me. I am twenty-seven years old," Miss Giovanni went on, "and if you suffer for all twenty-seven years, through the whole thing, you're a fool. And I don't want any white people suffering for me," she said. "I don't want a whole lot of white people sitting around on the hook thinking that I've been made miserable. What good does that do me? Goddamn it, I am just determined to be happy. You ask people what they want out of life. Well, that's what I want—to be happy.

"And," she concluded, "I have a reasonably happy sex life. And I commend that to you too."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1927)

(DENNIS) BLOODWORTH:
AN EYE FOR THE DRAGON

China's suzerainty was inspired by a philosophy which taught that there was no other civilization but the Confucian state and that its emperor was not only vicar of heaven but viceroy of all the earth. Other rulers were not fellow princes but mere feudatories.

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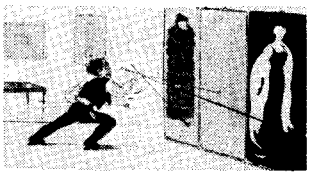

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5. The Answer to School Drop-Outs: There has been too much sermonizing and too many generalities. The latest studies agree on the need for diagnosis, short-term motivation techniques, the development of better learning skills. The techniques are reasonably simple—once the problem is identified.

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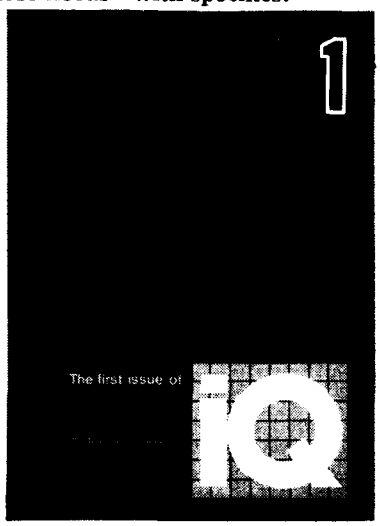

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Saturday Review
March 20, 1971

The Law of Order, The Promise of Poetry

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I never expected to be a writer, much less a poet and compiler of poetry. In my youth I hoped to be a pianist and, perhaps, a composer. Before I learned to read writing, I read music. I flexed my fingers on chromatic scales and the exercises in Czerny's *School of Velocity*. From Mozart's simple minuets I worked up to Beethoven's early sonatas and progressed gradually to Chopin's Preludes and Schumann's *Novelletten*. I understood little of the varying characteristics of the compositions and their composers—this came much later. What moved me were the constantly fluctuating but always dominating rhythms. Even the melodies seemed less important than the patterns the music made.

It was the melodic patterns that conditioned my response to poetry even before I learned to read it. The suspensions and cadences in the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Wolf, which my mother sang, and especially the lyrics of Heine that years afterwards I was to translate introduced me to poetry by way of German lieder. I did not realize it then, but the balanced undulations, the governed rise and fall of the singing line, prepared me for the enjoyment of whatever was carefully constructed, shaped, organized, and ordered. Order was for me, as it had been for Pope, whom I did not yet know, heaven's first law.

Not that I consciously looked for order in what I read, but it was the design, the complex symmetry, that held together all I came to love. Before trying to understand the scope or interpret the symbolism of Blake, the sound and the shape of the sound were what captivated me in the *Songs of Innocence and Experience*. An ordered resonance rather than the epic moralizing stirred me in the reverberating syllables of Milton, and it was the precision of pattern that delighted me in the whimsical designs of "Holy" George Herbert.

"All things begin with order," wrote Thomas Browne. "There is music wherever there is order, or harmony, or proportion." And order, I felt, was not something artificially or even artfully imposed. It was the result of an instinctive response, a resistless pressure from within. For me at least, it was a compelling force, a psychological necessity, that made the completed design both an act and an accident.

Whether design in nature, from the most delicate pattern of a butterfly's wing to the burning bright stripes of the tiger, is an act or an accident is something I have yet to find out. The question also bothered Robert Frost. Time and again in our conversations he referred to the mystery; he posed it as a query in one of his not so well known poems. The poem is a sonnet, a form that Frost seldom used, and the first eight lines describe a white heal-all (the common prunella, a flower usually blue) on which a white spider is holding up a white moth, "like a white piece of rigid satin cloth." The sestet inquires:

What had that flower to do with being white,
The wayside blue and innocent heal-all?
What brought the kindred spider to that height,
Then steered the white moth thither in the night?
What but the design of darkness to appall?—
If design govern in a thing so small.

Next to Robert Frost, my closest friend was Merrill Moore. Prodigiously prolific, Merrill was, like Robert, devoted to order; unlike Robert, he wrote exclusively in sonnets. I am convinced that he also thought in sonnets. One of his volumes was entitled *M*, not because the book was to blazon his initials, but because it contained literally one thousand sonnets. Before his death at fifty-four, Merrill had composed, give or take five hundred, 50,000 poems in the prescribed form. He was by profession a psychiatrist, and next to his home in Squantum, Massachusetts, he had built a two-story house, one floor for consultations and one for the steel cabinets that held his ever accumulating sonnets. (It was obvious that I should christen the house his Sonnetorium.) His patients and his poems increased in geometrical progression. One thing led to another—to be more accurate, one patient, one case history led to another outburst of sonnets. Merrill transformed his patients' disorderly thoughts into orderly octaves and sestets. Sometimes the sonnets, perhaps the most colloquial ever written, divided themselves in the traditional manner; sometimes they ran on without pause. But, no matter how distraught and disorganized the material, the poem itself was always organized and shaped into the approved

LOUIS UNTERMEYER, poet and editor of many anthologies, is a former consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress. His latest book is *The Pursuit of Poetry* (Simon & Schuster).

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design of fourteen rhymed lines. Here is an example:

He was a knot inextricably bound
About his own self. He was wound and wound
About his core that was a smaller knot
Under the mass of himself. No careful plot
Could ever have tangled him better or threaded him
Through the big eye that was the only eye
The needle of his personality had.
Good was he and he was also bad.

He was positive, negative, up and down.
No—his face was a smile and, yes, a frown;
He was curled and twisted low and high,
Frayed and ravelled, gnarled and bright and dim,
A complex knot that Gordius would have feared;
Attempting to cut it, he'd have failed and broken his sword.

When, for about a decade beginning in 1915, the Imagist movement gave rise to the free-verse furor that swept the country, I was reserved and somewhat dubious. I did not make outright fun of the flood of what was often ridiculed as "shredded prose," but I mocked the more promiscuous devotees of *vers libre* as *vers libretines.* Actually I was soon won over. I was amused but also impressed by the militant campaigning of Amy Lowell for the freedom of "cadenced verse" and "polyphonic prose," and I admired the irregular but governed free forms of John Gould Fletcher, Richard Aldington, and "H. D.," whose images outlasted those of all the others. It did not take me too long to accept and, what is more, to respect the departures of Pound (no joke intended), the way in which Eliot had joined the seemingly disjointed passages of *The Waste Land,* and the surge of "the hot blood's blindfold art" in the unrhymed poems in Lawrence's *Look! We Have Come Through* and *Birds, Beasts, and Flowers,* as well as the rhyming poems in *Amores.* Free verse did not strike me as either a revelation or a revolution. I had already learned that good poetry, no matter what its form, transcends all strictures by its own law or lawlessness. Whitman, whom I worshiped at sixteen, had shown me the power of the long, rolling, unrhymed line, and I had found a similar sonority in the polyrhythmical stretches of Heine's *North Sea Cycle.*

Not to be out of fashion, I too managed some compositions in free verse. But, although at that time I had not heard Frost's curt disposal that writing free verse was like playing tennis with the net down, I soon realized how ill-equipped I was for the free-for-all. Rhymes kept slipping in, and, against my will, the lines constructed themselves into evenly distributed accents. I resigned myself to my limitations. As a creator if not as a critic, I stuck to (or was stuck by) the restrictions of form and flattered myself that the restrictions were rewarding.

At the same time, I considered myself bound to no school in particular, and as anthologist I felt committed only to catholicity. I went along with all streams, including the muddied ones, some of which developed into rivers that carried a great deal of traffic. Nevertheless, I was perhaps too easily won, in the work of others as well as in my own, by what had appealed to me from the beginning: the resilience of rhythm and the musical punctuation of rhyme. For me it was those primal properties uniting music and measure that, apart from the many levels of meaning, worked the magic in the pure ecstasy of Keats as well as in the naughty banter of Herrick, in the mockery of Dryden and the magnificence of Shakespeare. Although I recognize the advantages gained by the repudiation of rhyme and a more or less regular rhythm, I still feel that poetry suffers when it loses these ever-so-effective aids. It seems that all too many present-day poets scorn these properties and reject them as cast-off "props."

Let me particularize. There are on my shelves a dozen formidable compilations of poems published during the last few years that make a point of and seem to take pride in the rejection. I turn to *The American Literary Anthology* (1968), "The First Annual Collection of the Best from the Literary Magazines," and stare at specific poems with a wild surmise. Here is one which originally appeared in a magazine called *Nice.* It is by Clark Coolidge and is entitled "Soda Gong."

box of surinam toad glass hill
pastiche bartender a live teeth
tepid tones brine

orange
milk
suction
sentence

do fuck they it's
is
you
filled-in washtub board

gas viper comprende
liar snatch, unh . . .
black snake search
tops
finger bunt I'll
flakes

car ice in bring bong bone flat tints

The reader may well be baffled by these lines. He may wonder whether, among the thousands of compositions published during the year, this is—according to the judges, John Ashbery, Robert Creeley, and James Dickey, all of them discriminating poets—one of the few "best" poems, or whether it is a put-on. He is not helped by the appended Note, which informs him that the author worked as a drummer for a rock 'n' roll group and that the magazine *Nice* is one of a series entitled *Twice, Thrice, Vice, Slice, Ice, Spice,* and *Frice.*

I turn to another collection, *The Poem in Its Skin,* which is limited to the work of ten poets surrounded by provocative appraisals by the editor-poet Paul Carroll, and I find Frank O'Hara's "The Day Lady Died."

It is 12:20 in New York a Friday
three days after Bastille day, yes
it is 1959 and I go get a shoeshine
because I will get off the 4:19 in
Easthampton
at 7:15 and then go straight to dinner
and I don't know the people who will
feed me

I walk up the muggy street beginning
to sun

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and have a hamburger and a malted
and buy
an ugly NEW WORLD WRITING to see what
the poets
in Ghana are doing these days
I go on to the bank
and Miss Stillwagon (first name Linda
I once heard)
doesn't even look up my balance for
once in her life
and in the GOLDEN GRIFFIN I get a little
Verlaine
for Patsy with drawings by Bonnard
although I do
think of Hesiod, trans. Richmond
Lattimore or
Brendan Behan's new play or *Le
Balcon* or *Les Nègres*
of Genet, but I don't, I stick with
Verlaine
after practically going to sleep with
quandariness

and for Mike I just stroll into the
PARK LANE
Liquor Store and ask for a bottle of
Strega and
then I go back where I came from to
6th Avenue

and the tobacconist in the Ziegfeld
Theatre and
casually ask for a carton of Gauloises
and a carton
of Picayunes, and a NEW YORK POST
with her face on it

and I am sweating a lot by now and
thinking of
leaning on the john door in the 5 SPOT
while she whispered a song along the
keyboard
to Mal Waldron and everyone and I
stopped breathing

Only the most knowledgeable jazz-oriented aficionado will guess that the Lady in the title was the persecuted, drug-addicted singer Billie Holiday and that the Bastille is mentioned for no political reason, but only because Billie Holiday happened to die three days before the French national holiday. (A play on holiday-Holiday suggested?) O'Hara's peregrinations around New York, his purchases for Patsy, and the carton of Picayunes seem not only trivial but also irrelevant. Yet, says the editor, "'The Day Lady Died' is excellent *because* of its trivia.... What makes it a poem is the nerve evident in the very act of writing. Think of it as an existential poem in itself."

For something more extended and more progressive, I pick up a volume written in what its author, Charles Olson, termed "projective verse." Its program announces that projection is attained by a concentration on the syllable rather than on rhythm and is governed by the instantaneous individual breath. "It is by their syllables that words juxtapose in beauty, by these particles of sound, as clearly as by the sense of the words.... The basic idea is that form is never more than an extension of content." As an illustration, here is the opening of Olson's *The Maximus Poems*:

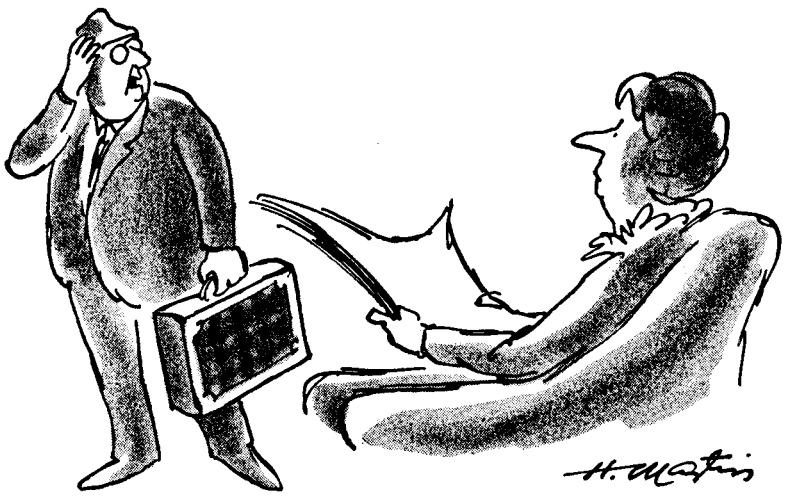
Off-shore, by islands hidden in the blood
jewels & miracles, I, Maximus
a metal hot from boiling water, tell you
what is a lance, who obeys the figures of
the present dance

1

the thing you're after
may lie around the bend
of the nest (second, time slain, the bird!
the bird!
And there! (strong) thrust, the mast! flight
(of the bird
o kylix, o
Antony of Padua
sweep low, o bless

the roofs, the old ones, the gentle steep
ones
on whose ridge-poles the gulls sit, from
which they depart,
And the flake-racks
of my city!

Whatever beauty is juxtaposed by these syllables comes from an older custom and a worn currency. What we are being handed can be detected as a debased Pound, a Pound that is no longer sterling.



"Margaret, I'm leaving you. I'm going back to 1925."

Turning from Olson to the almost seventy-year-old *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, I can usually be sure of a few surprises. The table of contents of the June 1968 issue lists "Poem" by Aram Saroyan to be found on pages 162 and 163. However, the pages turn out to be bare of any title. Instead, spread across the center of both pages is the single word "night." It is repeated exactly thirty times. The rest is silence.

Many of us still think of the poet (when we remember Wordsworth) as a man speaking to men. If this is so, to whom is the poet speaking today? Does he still hope to hold the hearer by giving "the charm of novelty to things of everyday by awakening the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom"? Is he, equipped with another technique and a contemporary vocabulary, directing us to the strangeness and wonder of the world (I am still quoting Wordsworth) "but for which, in consequence of familiarity, we have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand"?

I wish I knew the answer. I admit I am puzzled. The excerpts I have quoted are perhaps extreme; I do not pretend that they furnish a "key" to modern poetry. But they represent a persistent and apparently prevailing trend, a natural consequence. The present-day poet, in common with every other artist and with his less articulate fellow man, is harassed by what he sees, hears, and reads about, by the headlines in the daily paper, by the radio news-on-the-hour, by the inexorable television commentator. How can he remain "above the battle"? How can he free himself from a disrupted government that has lost credibility and a society that has lost integrity? It is inevitable that much of his writing is an expression of the present predicament; it is almost sure to be deliberately flat in tone and resolutely anti-poetic. It is not at all peculiar that he sometimes subjects himself to a raw confessional, a stubborn striptease determined, as one of Bella Akhmadulina's poems declares, "to tear away the garments of decorum from everything." If he holds the mirror to human nature, today's poet cannot help reflecting not only ugliness but, worse, the hideous contrast of cruelty and apathy. Under such circumstances the creative impulse flounders and, all too often, sinks in a welter of jargon, hoked-up journalism, and a kind of cryptic kitsch wherein old clichés are exchanged for current stereotypes.

In a recent talk to students at the Berkshire Music Center, Leonard Bernstein told his listeners that in the period of the 1940s-1950s the key to musical expression was nobility. The

(*Continued on page* 60)

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Moving Finger Writes . . .

ONCE UPON a time, only twenty years ago, there lived a pair of Italian producers named Carlo Ponti and Dino De Laurentiis. Caught up in the first fine flush of Italian neorealism, they pooled their talents and gave their support to such neorealist pioneers as De Sica, Fellini, and Rossellini, and reaped international rewards through such films as *Bitter Rice, The Gold of Naples,* and *La Strada.* At the same time, being good commercial producers, they sought to strengthen their hands by attracting to their country American money and Hollywood stars, holding out the infallible lure of lower costs. They co-produced films such as *Ulysses* with Kirk Douglas and *War and Peace* with Henry Fonda and Audrey Hepburn. And in no time at all, they succeeded in making neorealism a thing of the past.

Separated since 1957, Ponti and De Laurentiis have continued on as top producers in Italy; but Italian movies have never been the same. What first attracted us to them was the fact that they were so specifically Italian that they didn't resemble pictures from any other country—particularly our own. But the Italian producers, both with their eyes on the rich U.S. market, began to imitate the American product, especially in such genres as the Biblicals, the spectacles, and the Westerns. American actors were imported to co-star with Italian lovelies in pictures that could easily have been made anywhere. Dubbing, an old Italian custom, broke the language barrier, and Italian pictures became, with all too rare exceptions, international mongrels.

A perfect example of this is De Laurentiis's new production, *A Man Called Sledge.* Photographed in Italy and Spain, its extensive cast is headed by James Garner, Dennis Weaver, Claude Akins, and a lovely, if expressionless, Italian girl named Laura Antonelli. The director, Vic Morrow, is American, while his cameraman, Luigi Kuveiller, is Italian. Other credits, on both sides of the camera, are similarly mixed, with results that are not always felicitous. A particularly swarthy prison guard, for example, is referred to as Red, causing one to wonder if perhaps the name reflected his politics.

Sledge, however, is not another "spaghetti Western" of the Clint Eastwood variety. There is plenty of action but relatively little violence, a good deal of bloodshed but no sadism. Its theme is the ancient one of gold and greed, of the incredible privations that men will endure for money, and of the corruption that sets in once they have it. Garner, remarkably convincing as the tough, unshaven leader of an outlaw band, plots an ingenious scheme to steal $300,000 in gold dust from a vault in the heart of a maximum security prison fortress. His plan succeeds, but the survivors of his raid are soon killing each other off to increase their shares. Vic Morrow, directing his first feature, keeps his plot lines taut and his cast (regardless of nationality) believably frontier Westerners. But, De Laurentiis notwithstanding, *A Man Called Sledge* is considerably closer to the old Pine-Thomas thrillers than to the Italian tradition. Except that Pine-Thomas never would have permitted the anachronism of a modern jazz score to undermine the period sense of their little epics.

The Priest's Wife, produced by De Laurentiis's former partner Carlo Ponti, casts an even sharper image of the present Italian dilemma. As the title suggests, its concern is the thoroughly contemporary question, both here and in Italy, of whether a Catholic priest should be permitted to marry. And it begins deliciously with Sophia Loren behind the wheel of a Mini-Minor racing through the startled streets and squares of Padua in pursuit of the white Fiat driven by the young man who has jilted her; then the two ramming each other like enraged bulls. Many of the better neorealist films treated serious matters from a comic angle, and this one promised to continue the tradition.

Not at all. In the next scene, Sophia remorsefully swallows a handful of sleeping pills, belatedly dials a "Helping Hand" society, and in the morning discovers that the soothing voice on the phone belongs to a priest. Since the priest is Marcello Mastroianni, it becomes love at first sight, and for the remainder of the picture La Loren pursues him with a ruthlessness that would have made any lesser man consider not marriage but murder. There are curious scenes—an older priest counseling a clandestine affair; a visit to a former colleague who left the church for marriage and now sits drinking vino and abusing his slatternly wife; a quick fade-out on a premarital kiss that leaves Sophia pregnant; and the cynical promotion of the priest to a sinecure in the Vatican if he will delay the wedding for a while.

The film offers no ultimate solution (movies don't have to), but the kind of hard look at the problem that one catches from time to time is repeatedly dissolved in the incongruous splendors of Miss Loren's Mayer of Rome costumes, the Hollywood-style settings, and all the other costly production values that mark a picture created for the international market. In the end, one feels that Mastroianni can congratulate himself for not having married the doughty, pouty Sophia. After all, he could hardly expect a divorce.

"My wife just spent two thousand dollars on a fur coat—for me!"

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Against Provocation

"Agent provocateur" is a fancy term for a quite ugly kind of spy. Unlike ordinary spies, the provocateur does not join a "suspect" group to keep close tabs on its activities; instead, his aim is to stampede the group into doing something rash, egregious, and incriminating.

Consider George Demmerle, who several years ago infiltrated New York City's chaotic student-Left protest scene. To make himself stand out, he wore bizarre face makeup and a helmet streaked with Day-Glo paint. During protest demonstrations, he went in for knocking over garbage cans, doing wild dances in the street, and otherwise making a spectacle of himself.

Impressed, young activists took him in, dubbing him Prince Crazy. Soon they were listening, enthralled, as he told them how to make submachine guns for only $12 each, and how to blow up the Brooklyn Bridge using only a garden hose and other simple household materials.

Prince Crazy's mission to the street people ended suddenly when police caught him and three young companions planting a time bomb in a National Guard truck. All four were jailed and accused of eight earlier Manhattan terror-bombings.

But then it came out that Demmerle had all along been a paid agent of the FBI. He was promptly released, and the glaring question of who had got whom to bomb what was left up in the air. When a reporter asked the ex-Prince Crazy if other provocateurs are abroad in the land, he replied wryly, "Quite a few."

So there are, as witness Thomas ("Tommy the Traveler") Tongyai. Several years ago, Tommy turned up at Hobart College, in upstate New York, talking revolution and showing the youngsters how to handle carbines and make firebombs. Hobart at first remained massively uninterested. But (success!) several of Tommy's young friends presently fire-bombed the college ROTC office—endangering 120 students asleep in the dormitory where the office was housed.

Soon after, Tommy was unmasked: He was a police employee who had for several years been making the rounds of upstate colleges, posing as a fiery student-Left organizer. As *Time* put it, ". . . everywhere he went, violence seemed to follow. . . . The fire-bombing of the Hobart ROTC might never have happened if Tommy had not instigated it."

Earlier, in Brooklyn, undercover police agent Raymond Wood had insinuated himself into an obscure black-militant group calling itself (rather bravely) the Black Liberation Front. Until agent Wood moved in on them, the front's members had gone in mainly for rhetoric and arm-flailing. But Wood seems to have bullyragged and shamed the BLF leaders into promising him that the group would shortly "get active"—by bombing, no less, the Washington Monument, the Liberty Bell, and the Statue of Liberty. To this end, he put the half-reluctant front in touch with a French-Canadian separatist group that obligingly supplied the needed explosives and know-how. As soon as the scenario had matured sufficiently, everyone concerned — except agent Wood — was scooped up and jailed.

When challenged about using such provocative, para-legal tactics, the "fuzz and feds" claim they are just needling extremists into attempting now, in a botched, premature way, anti-Establishment exploits that they would have brought off with devastating success if allowed more lead time.

This is, of course, thin reasoning. As "red squad" people well know, an impassioned-cause group is like a Navy blimp that is riding free just a few feet off the ground. The blimp may weigh many tons, but a good hard shove by a determined man can warp the craft around and send it floating off in any direction the shover chooses. When an undercover agent gives a volatile splinter group a hefty push, the group is likely to go kiting off in an ideological direction astonishing to the onlooker.

But why push for empty violence that only enrages both the public and the police? Why not try instead to provoke—or evoke—positive, fruitful activity? Roger Baldwin may have hit on part of the explanation when, thirty-odd years ago, he wrote in the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*, "Sometimes the political police have provoked or committed crime . . . to make a showing of the need for their services and thus to wrest from a hesitant government increased funds and larger powers."

It is no secret that this country is well supplied with firebrands of the Right and Left. But in the absence of overt acts, should the authorities merely keep a patient, beady eye on the disaffected brethren? Or should they try to speed things along by sending provocateurs among the disgruntled, to dispense guns, bombs, and incendiary rhetoric?

Until this question is cleared up, skeptics are bound to wonder just which highly publicized extremists and splinter groups are for real—and which are "fictions" conjured up by those same agencies that brought us Prince Crazy and Tommy the Traveler.

These are hard suspicions, painful to those who entertain them, and painful to those at whom they are directed. But the authorities can easily enough stem hurtful public speculation along these lines: All they need do is get their people out of this dirty business. In that happy event, "agent provocateur" will soon become again what it once was in this country—a rather obscure, thoroughly distasteful foreign term.

—Hallowell Bowser.

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Letters to the Editor

Vagabondia

As THE Study Abroad Adviser for Boston University and a fellow vagabond, let me thank David Butwin for his article on student travel "America's Vagabond Ambassadors" [*SR*, Feb. 20]. . . . I would like to emphasize two points that were brought out in Mr. Butwin's discussion with the youthful "wayfaring trio." One is the importance of knowing the language of a country. It is true you can get by, and even have a wonderful time, with English and sign language, but for a real in-depth cultural experience, knowledge of the language is a necessity. The best American-sponsored study abroad programs require some competence in the language of the country or offer intensive instruction while abroad. They also place students in homes or dormitories in communities often removed from the international cities where other Americans can be found. Students who return from this kind of an experience are the ones who have had the greatest personal growth.

This brings up the second point, which is that long periods of travel, study, or work abroad are a fantastic maturing process. Today's America is a very parochial society compared with much of the rest of the world. Extensive overseas experience provides the perspective necessary for a more rational viewpoint on the American way of life. It should be the responsibility of all of us, especially the universities, to develop the creative ideas of the returned vagabonds.

MARY LEA DRIFTMIER,
Boston, Mass.

Juggling Act

RE: The special report by members of the Committee for Economic Development "Can We Afford Tomorrow?" [*SR*, Jan. 23].

Assistant Secretary of Labor Jerome M. Rosow's call for "a vigorous and responsive manpower policy" in the Seventies, in "Human Resources: Retooling Our Manpower," will assuredly not fall on deaf ears. But in his contention that we should "apply the art of management so that human-resource utilization becomes as commonplace as capital investment planning," he ignores the effect of intensifying labor-management negotiations warfare on such an objective.

Corporate management not only must artfully juggle the human-resource factor, but must also prevent efficiency and productivity from falling. Wage and benefit increases negotiated on a national scale necessitate either higher charges for goods and services or increased efficiency and productivity to ward off widespread layoffs. Since the latter alternative is markedly less inflationary, government's stake in such negotiations is obvious, despite its past reluctance to make clear the economic implications of one-sided agreements. If this reluctance continues—coupled with the wage/benefit-price hike imbalance—there is every likelihood that the opportunities for unemployed people retrained in the public sector to move into private employment will be greatly impaired by the consequent poor health of the private sector.

As Buckminster Fuller has observed, we are not yet prepared to accept politics as "only an accessory after the fact of the design-science revolution." But one could hardly improve on Mayor John Lindsay's statement in the same issue of *SR*: "Too much is at stake for 'politics as usual.'"

WILEY C. WILSON,
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Art Plus

CONGRATULATIONS to Katharine Kuh on her stirring article "Cincinnati's New Look" [THE FINE ARTS, Feb. 27], wherein she praises the art collection at the Cincinnati Art Museum. However, while she correctly pointed out the fine sculpture collection, there are other excellent high points in the museum, not the least of which is the collection of Barbizon school paintings, which features major works by Jean François Millet, Jules Dupré, Camille Corot, Charles Daubigny, and others. There is also a superb Paul Cézanne *Still Life* from the 1860s, one of the finest of this artist's early works. . . .

Further, in the area of modern decorative arts the museum has an exquisite selection of glass by Louis Comfort Tiffany. Thus, in many areas, the Cincinnati Art Museum continues to shine. This, of course, makes it a most attractive place to study and appreciate art from the past.

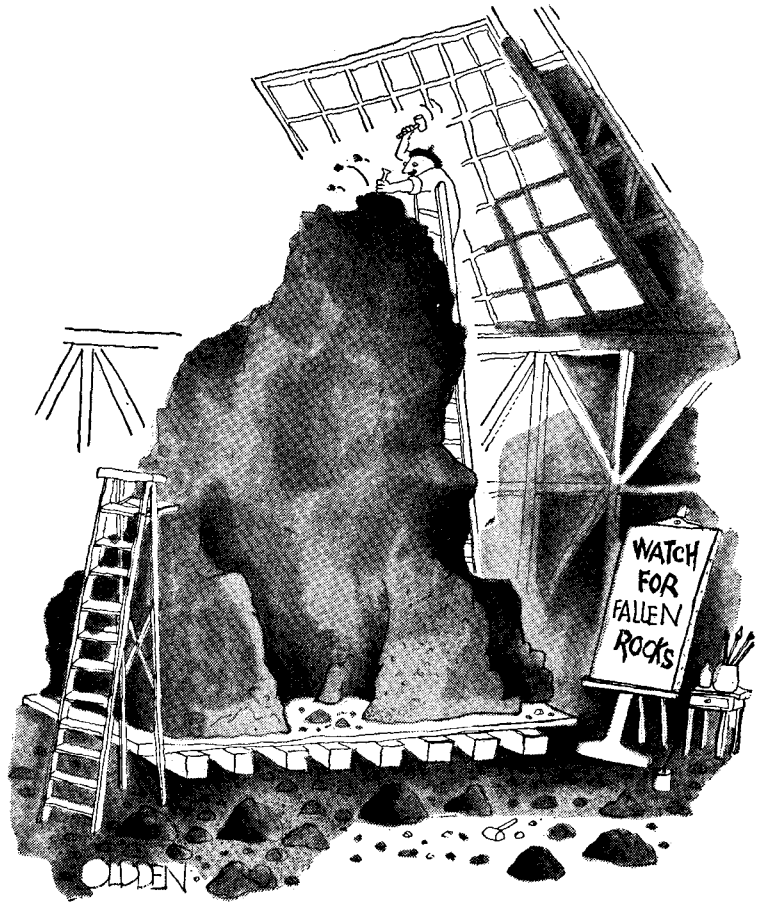
GABRIEL P. WEISBERG,
Associate Professor of Art History,
University of Cincinnati,
Cincinnati, O.

Cool Humor

IS HUMOR being killed or advanced by the fact that it is impossible to dream up any ironies that haven't already occurred? A cartoon by Ed Fisher in the February 20th issue of *SR* shows some demonstrators on their way to the American Civil Liberties Union headquarters to "see if we can make them blow their cool."

It happened. And we didn't blow our cool (that time). A couple of years ago when we held our annual fund-raising dinner at a Washington, D.C., hotel, a group of our own members and others came to protest our selection of a dinner speaker. The hotel management threatened to bar the demonstrators from the hotel. But the protesters were admitted, and stood with signs of protest during the speeches, after we threatened to sue the hotel for breach of their contract with us if they refused to admit our "guests."

RALPH J. TEMPLE,
Legal Director,
ACLU Fund of the National Capital Area,
Washington, D.C.



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ALLAN NEVINS, 1890-1971

Allan Nevins, who died on March 5th in Menlo Park, California, was one of the country's most industrious and productive historians as well as one of its most readable. There is no count of how many words he wrote in his long professional life, but they filled more than fifty books, many of them memorable, including his eight-volume masterwork, *Ordeal of the Union*, an account of the United States from 1850 through the Civil War. In addition, he edited at least seventy-five books and crafted hundreds of magazine articles and reviews, a great many of them for *SR*, for which he began to write in 1924, when the magazine was established.

Starting with his first book in 1914, *The Life of Robert Rogers*, about a Colonial frontiersman, and continuing through his biographies of Grover Cleveland, John D. Rockefeller, and the Ford Motor Company, Professor Nevins elaborated the view that economic self-interest had played a commendable role in the industrial development of the United States. In this he ran counter to the thinking of such historians as Charles A. Beard, whose *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*, published in 1913, proposed that abstract political considerations were a cloak for meaner economic interests. Beard's thesis, which influenced such historians as Matthew Josephson, tended to cast American capitalists as "robber barons," asocial men ruled by narrow considerations of personal greed. Mr. Nevins, of course, did not contend that the process of capital accumulation in this country had been pretty and public-spirited, but he did believe that industrial giants John D. Rockefeller, Cyrus McCormick, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford, and others were to be given credit for their contributions to the nation's development.

One example of this was Professor Nevins's three-volume *Ford*, written in collaboration with Frank E. Hill. The history was commissioned by the company, and Mr. Nevins had access to the corporation's records. The result, however, must have been painful to those who had expected a work of puffery, for the company and its founder were portrayed whole, blemishes and all.

Born on a farm at Camp Point, Illinois, May 20, 1890, Allan Nevins was the son of a man who was certain of the virtues of hard work in molding a boy's character. Thus, a twelve-to-fourteen-hour day at chores was the young man's lot. The elder Mr. Nevins also disapproved of "frivolous" reading and introduced his son to a 500-volume library devoted to history, science, and economics. It was the beginning of his voracious and retentive reading.

While Mr. Nevins was becoming a historian he was a practicing newspaperman—on the New York *Evening Post* (where he was a colleague of *SR* founder Henry Seidel Canby), the *Sun*, and the *World*. Indeed, it was not until 1931 that he joined the Columbia University faculty, and by then he had already published *The American States During and After the Revolution*, *The Emergence of Modern America*, and a biography of John C. Frémont, which was praised also as literature. The encomium was just, for Mr. Nevins's style was grounded on his newspaper experience: it was lucid, expository, almost narrative, for he seemed to have kept in mind that history could be good reading and that its major audience was probably nonacademic.

His judgment was supported by two Pulitzer Prize juries, who awarded him the palm first for his *Grover Cleveland* and then for *Hamilton Fish*.

Concerned about the story of the past, Professor Nevins also felt a responsibility to the future. He realized that the stuff of history is documents, but that the making of documents was vanishing as men and women turned more and more to electronic communication. The record, as he put it, was growing "as ephemeral and irrevocable as breath itself." Out of this realization was conceived the Oral Research History Office at Columbia, the repository of the tape-recorded recollections of thousands of prominent public personalities, whose stories might have died with them. Prodded by keen interviewers, Americans of historical importance have filled in some of the documentary gaps in contemporary history. Oral History could prove to be Mr. Nevins's greatest monument.

More than twenty years ago he undertook the tremendous task of chronicling American life from 1850 through the Civil War. The final two volumes of *The Ordeal of the Union* were completed just before his eightieth birthday. It is doubly sad to *SR* that another valued contributor, the distinguished Civil War scholar David M. Potter, who had been working for some months on an assessment of the entire series for *Saturday Review*, died February 18 at Palo Alto, California.

One of the pleasantest of men, Professor Nevins was infinitely kind to colleagues, students, and—as one friend recently put it—"to many, many people who didn't deserve his kindness." He chuckled good-naturedly when it was suggested that in years of casting his bread upon the waters he must have been discouraged when so often it came back mush.

Another measure of Mr. Nevins, a senior research associate at Huntington Library since 1958, was his grand passion for Columbia, quietly consummated in 1965 when he gave the university $500,000, his life savings, to establish a chair in economic history. The gift was anonymous, and revealed only when Columbia insisted on naming the chair for him. He was embarrassed by all the fuss.

It perhaps sums up Mr. Nevins to record that he never bothered to attain a Ph.D. He couldn't put up with the pedantry.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

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New Perspectives on the Counter-Culture

by SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD A NEW AMERICA: The Beginnings of a Long Revolution, assembled by Mitchell Goodman *(Pilgrim Press/Knopf, 752 pp., $5.95)*; **THE PROSPECTS FOR REVOLUTION: A Study of Riots, Civil Disobedience, and Insurrection in Contemporary America, by Ralph W. Conant** *(Harper's Magazine Press, 290 pp., $8.95)*; **AFTER THE REVOLUTION?: Authority in a Good Society, by Robert A. Dahl** *(Yale, 171 pp., $8.50; paperback, $2.45)*; **VIOLENCE AND DEMOCRACY, by Jonathan B. Bingham and Alfred M. Bingham** *(World, 188 pp., $5.95)*

It should be axiomatic by now that few men ever understand the age they live in. Even relatively recent history has been subject to thorough "revisions." Thus the conviction that Roosevelt's New Deal represented the American left—an idea held at the time by communists, most socialists, and almost all conservatives—has now been challenged by leftist historians, who see the New Deal as a fundamentally conservative policy that helped to stabilize capitalism.

It is apparent to anyone who has read much of Marx and Lenin how easy it is to be wrong in evaluating one's own time. Marx misconstrued the Paris Commune as a proletarian revolution. Lenin, conversely, was overly pessimistic: he wrote shortly before February 1917 that his grandchildren might live to see the overthrow of the tsars. However, following the Bolshevik triumph in Russia, he and communists the world over thought that the postwar tensions in Germany and other Western countries marked the beginning of revolution. Consequently they pressed ultra-leftist policies on those groups that were attracted to Bolshevism, thus helping to isolate them from other radical movements and fostering the growth of counterrevolutionary right-wing parties.

As important a source of faulty interpretation of events as ideological bias is the tendency to see new behavior patterns as the outgrowth of basic structural trends, such as increased mechanization and centralization. While this may be true for many such behavior patterns, others have recurred throughout history in a cyclical manner.

The "counter-culture" of the 1960s, which has been treated as evidence of a fundamental change in the social system, strongly resembles phenomena that have occurred repeatedly on left and right. Anthony Esler wrote that the *Burschenschaften*, a German youth movement of the early nineteenth century, expressed rejection of dominant values by means of unkempt clothes, long hair, and handlebar mustaches. Cesar Grana portrayed the Bohemian youth of Paris's Left Bank in similar terms. "According to Balzac they could be recognized by their . . . greasy coats, long beards, and dirty fingernails." Donald Wallace tells us that revolutionary students in Russia in the 1870s and 1880s "reversed the traditional order of things even in trivial matters of external appearance, the males allowing the hair to grow long and the female adepts cutting it short, and adding sometimes the additional badge of blue spectacles." German youth just before and after World War I resembled their *Burschenschaft* predecessors.

Similar counter-cultural behavior could be found in the United States in the nineteenth century, but the 1920s were probably the first period when it was widespread. Politics apart, these students attacked materialist values, sexual mores, and, from early in the century, science and technology. *The*

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET is professor of government and sociology at Harvard. Anchor has recently published a revised paperback version of his *Revolution and Counterrevolution.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

25 **"The Movement Toward a New America: The Beginnings of a Long Revolution,"** assembled by Mitchell Goodman; **"The Prospects for Revolution: A Study of Riots, Civil Disobedience, and Insurrection in Contemporary America,"** by Ralph W. Conant; **"After the Revolution?: Authority in a Good Society,"** by Robert A. Dahl; **"Violence and Democracy,"** by Jonathan B. Bingham and Alfred M. Bingham

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New Student, their chief publication, editorialized in 1923: "Mechanization must go. A certain scholarly, scientific attitude must go. The values for which we are searching do not seem susceptible of proof, of capture by the 'scientific spirit.'" These rebels also glorified deviant or dangerous behavior as a means of proving personal courage in a world dominated by cowardly "bourgeois and Philistines."

Although they welcomed the rejection of the conventional order by university youth, Marxist leaders have usually regarded it as politically unproductive, reflecting an élitist concern with individual rather than social problems. Friedrich Engels declared that nothing could hurt the revolutionary movement more than an influx of thousands of students. Lenin described youthful protest as "infantile leftism." More recently, Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, the Viet Cong foreign minister, told visitors from the United States that American student protesters were helping to prolong the war by antagonizing older people with their aggressive tactics and exotic life-styles. Eldridge Cleaver has criticized the counter-culture as "harmful to our cause," pointing out that "using drugs is a form of escape from the confrontation of [the system] that *can* be dealt with."

Sociologists interested in the general phenomena of protest, conflict, and social change have identified the cyclical nature of the efforts to create a specific youth culture. Donald MacRae of the London School of Economics points out that "adolescent behavior is older than the universities of the Middle Ages. It has constantly presented a pattern of temporary Bohemianism and a defined legitimated license of behavior. Since 1789, it has also involved experiment with radical politics—left and right, nationalist and internationalist. . . ." The foremost radical American analyst of the student movement, Richard Flacks, has noted: "The collapse of the counter-culture of the 1920s in the face of economic depression suggests that one must eschew any linear theory of societal change." And he warns his colleagues that such a collapse can occur again.

These background comments are in order for any evaluation of efforts to understand what has been happening to America as a result of counter-cultural and political protest by the younger intelligentsia during the 1960s. (I do not deal in detail with the black movement here, since I regard it as being of a qualitatively different nature from the one that emerged from the affluent campus. Yet it may be noted that Eugene Genovese has called attention to the fact that Negro efforts have also fluctuated from a stress on building the resources of a separate black community to an emphasis on racial integration and back again at least three times since the late nineteenth century.)

The Movement Toward a New America, assembled by Mitchell Goodman from a variety of sources, including the underground press, is as heterogeneous as the movement itself. The collection can be recommended to anyone who wants to gain a sense of the vitality and complexity that have gone into campus protest during the past decade. But the book suffers from all the weaknesses of the movement. It lacks a coherent point of view: Almost everything is here, from support for authoritarian tendencies to anarchism; from a defense of the university to, more commonly, bitter attacks on it; from Staughton Lynd's statement "I am ashamed of a movement which calls policemen pigs. . . . I feel deeply troubled by the attitude that, since we are right, we can take away civil liberties from others which we insist on for ourselves," to defense of Weathermen tactics. Basically the book illustrates the parochialism that characterizes the movement. There is almost nothing dealing with the past; perhaps more surprisingly, there is only an occasional reference to activities of the movement abroad. Again an article by Staughton Lynd is an exception, pessimistically recalling that he has heard voices prophesying the imminent doom of capitalism many times. In so far as the movement seems to have a unique program, it calls for community or local control, for a federation of communes, while praising the most authoritarian régimes currently in existence and accepting their American supporters as "members." The movement relies on feeling, on personal commitment, and is therefore destined to repeat every mistake and every crime as well as every heroic deed of previous revolutionary groups. Whether things are different this time it does not know and does not really care. For the message is to act. What happens afterward is other people's business.

The efforts of academics to comprehend the "revolution" move us into a different world. In *The Prospects for Revolution* Ralph Conant, director of the Institute for Urban Studies at the University of Houston, reminds us that the black and youth protest movements stem "from quite different motivational sources." The first merely wants "equal access to opportunity"; the second "challenge[s] basic values." The blacks riot out of anger, but the young white radicals engage in calculated insurrectionary acts as well as in civil disobedience. Since society must react to such pressures, Dr. Conant has outlined a "resistance" strategy. He recommends that blacks be incorporated into the system, and that other means be found to reduce the potential for violence by campus radicals. Fundamentally, however, he advocates structural reforms that will increase local community power, particularly for blacks, the poor, and students. Conant follows the tradition of relating youth unrest to "the rapid and unsettling change that has characterized American society since World War II. . . . Youth of the 1960s were the first generation of Americans born into such change, a fact which accounts for the pervasive unease among them. . . ."

"Can he counsel us if we aren't married?"

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In a previous article ("The Banality of Revolt," *SR*, July 18, 1970) I reported in some detail how similar arguments have been used to account for recurrent youth unrest in America, at least since 1910. Dr. Conant, like the student activists, rarely subjects his interpretations to the test of historical adequacy.

With Robert Dahl's *After the Revolution?* we enter the rarefied atmosphere of the political theorist, the man professionally concerned with specifying the conditions for the good society. Writing at least a year before President Nixon's 1971 State of the Union Message, Professor Dahl was worried because "during the course of the last few years, revolution has become an in-word in the United States." He was not afraid that this foreshadowed an actual revolution, since "there is an inverse relationship between the rate at which the word is used in a given country and the rate of change in the distribution of power and privilege."

As these quotations suggest, Professor Dahl is free from the parochialism that characterizes the other works. His book, a brilliant exercise in pure theory, draws on the experience of political man from ancient Athens to modern Nigeria. Fundamentally, he regards the current crisis as one of authority, and one that is endemic in democratic society. Paradoxically, democracy appears to "encourage demands for new systems of authority."

> The paradox vanishes if we realize that because democracy has never been fully achieved, it has always been and is now potentially a revolutionary doctrine. For every system purporting to be democratic is vulnerable to the charge that it is not democratic enough, or not "really" or fully democratic. The charge is bound to be correct, since no polity has ever been completely democratized.

The three great historical experiments in democracy—the Greek city-states in the sixth century B.C., the city-states of northern Italy during the tenth and eleventh centuries, and the systems of government initiated after the American and French revolutions—all stopped a long way from "what a reasonable observer might regard as the summit of political democracy."

Professor Dahl shares with the New Left a desire to increase "participatory democracy" as much as possible. The megalopolis and the giant nation-state are enemies of democracy. Professor Dahl would, therefore, plan for cities of modest size, and decentralize authority within the large cities in favor of neighborhood associations—a proposal that is not far from some made during the early days of the New Left. Though Professor Dahl offers no suggestions for what to do about the large nation-states, one suspects that if he thought it feasible he would advocate breaking them up into their constituent provinces. He gives his highest accolade to the small democracies: " . . . some of the most profound changes in the world take place in a quiet country like Denmark, where hardly anyone raises his voice and the rhetoric of revolution finds few admirers."

"How come he knows so much about sin?"

Violence and Democracy, by Jonathan and Alfred Bingham, brings yet another level to the discussion. The Bingham brothers, respectively a New York Congressman and a Connecticut judge and editor, are sympathetic to the demands of blacks and youth. As genuine liberals, however, they insist that political democracy is necessary to any effort to reduce inequality. They confront the revolutionaries with a series of practical questions, such as who is to hold power and how will they achieve it? The Binghams remind the New Left that earlier revolutions, from the French to the Russian, were undertaken in the name of the people but succeeded only in transferring power to a new élite that was often more authoritarian than its predecessors. To tear down an existing social order, with its fabric of protections for the individual, without a coherent, well-worked-out design for a new one is much more likely than not to result in the destruction of the very values espoused by the revolutionaries.

On the positive side, the Binghams come to conclusions almost identical with those of Robert Dahl. Strongly favoring "self-governing neighborhoods and communities," they go further than Dahl, however, in suggesting that the way to deal with the problem of national power may be to create larger federations of states, and ultimately a world system, in which most of the decisions directly affecting the individual will be in the hands of relatively small, local governing units.

Thus if we are to believe Conant, Dahl, the Binghams, and many movement ideologists, the ultimate goal of the contemporary revolution is a society that will be a federation of local communes, such as was advocated by Jefferson, Proudhon, and Bakunin. They are now joined by Richard Nixon, who proposes returning power from Washington to the states and cities in order to give "power to the people" and implement the "Second American Revolution."

There is, however, an Achilles heel to this approach. For one effect of turning funds over to local authorities will be to eliminate the many experimental programs in the ghetto and other communities that have sought to bypass municipal governments controlled by politicians and businessmen. Under the slogan of local power, urban politicians will be able to halt the federal funding of militant groups that have taken advantage of the "maximum feasible participation" clause inadvertently enacted by Congress as part of the Great Society program.

The fundamental question is whether the major functions of city government can be decentralized. How, for instance, would the distribution of tax revenues be equalized? Conant himself recognizes the need to prevent local prejudices from determining police policy.

In 1963 smaller borough governments were established within the framework of the enlarged Greater London Council, thus permitting a partial experiment in decentralizing authority within a metropolitan area. The first GLC metropolitan elections in 1964 produced a "markedly greater interest on the part of the electorate," while the borough

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elections "present a different picture." A study entitled *The Lessons of the London Government Reforms* concluded that "the emergence of a new type of local authority in the form of the new London Boroughs excited no interest in the average elector. The general conclusion to be drawn is that the London voter up to now has not reacted other than negatively to the introduction of a new type of [borough] authority."

The assorted local community bodies established around the U.S. in the mid-Sixties to enable the poor to administer some of their own affairs, and the new community school boards recently created in New York, offer another example of the failure to arouse the interest of urban dwellers. From 1 to 3 per cent of those eligible voted in the poverty program elections in various cities. The New York school board vote resulted in the election of whites identified with special purposes (Jewish and Catholic parochial schools or the Teachers' Union) in a number of districts with black majorities. A review of surveys analyzing the effect of community participation on public education, prepared by David Cohen of the Harvard School of Education, concluded that "[there] appears to be no relation whatsoever between the size of a school district (or whether its board is elected or appointed) and the achievement of the students in its schools." In general, far fewer of the poorer and less-educated participate in school elections and other areas of potential political involvement than do the more affluent and better-educated. And if political parties are not present to give labels to the alternatives, the advantage of the privileged is increased.

It is necessary to recognize that the major problem of power and public policy is still that of unequal distribution of resources, of class relations in the traditional sense—a point stressed by the Binghams. To encourage those in the lower class or the ghetto to believe that the problem can be solved through community control will only lead to a further sense of defeat, and reinforce the basic inferiority feelings that class- and race-linked values impose on those at the bottom. Efforts to make revolutionary changes in the structure of authority and opportunity are, as we have seen, recurrent; successful attempts are extremely rare. To denounce evil social conditions, even to mobilize movements against them, is relatively simple. We must have men who are serious enough about reform to be modest about how much they can accomplish, and who are willing to learn from history, before the kind of revolution in Denmark that impressed Robert Dahl can occur in this country.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Test of the Market Place

I FOUND VERY OFFENSIVE your little box, rimmed in red for emphasis no doubt, in which you condemned as "irresponsible publishing" *The Anarchist Cookbook*, put out by Lyle Stuart [*SR*, Mar. 6]. On the merits, I might agree with you, if only on the ground that the prices quoted look to me like first-rate commercial *chutzpah*. In any case, I am a very peaceable person and, furthermore, I do think most terrorists won't need the cookbook. I'm sure they have other sources. I also think it possible that the book is a big, if tasteless, put-on.

What annoys me, though, is the way you took the bait and leaped into the breach with as sanctimonious a statement as ever graced the pages of a respectable publication. The First Amendment relies on the test of the market place for the viability of ideas. The market place, in turn, responds to the kind and amount of publicity given the commodity being hawked. If you are right about the "mood of young Americans just in the past six months"—an assertion you have not shown your qualifications to make, but no matter—wouldn't you have done better to swallow your moral outrage and greet the *Cookbook* with total and dignified silence?

BARBARA L. KAISER,
Larchmont, N.Y.

MAY I BE PERMITTED to offer you my sincere thanks, together with my appreciation, for your comment on *The Anarchist Cookbook*.

That our society has deteriorated is patent to any and all but, alas, it is not patent to certain publishers that they carry a duty towards the general public and not solely to their bank account.

JACK BENJAMIN,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Batter Them Down. . . ."

ANNA MULCAHY'S FIRE-BREATHING attack [BOOK FORUM, Feb. 27] upon my review of Sean O'Faolain's book of stories [*SR*, Feb. 7] is fully in the line of those Irish bigots who castigated Joyce, called the mild O'Casey a heretic, and threw Jesuit-inspired quicklime into the eyes of the great Parnell. I only wish I were worthy of Miss Mulcahy's abuse: In one letter she calls me "anti-Irish," guilty of "wasteful radicalism," "petulant," "destructive," and a turncoat who "attacks . . . the Church." There are times in history, as Rollo May has said, when being a turncoat becomes almost a moral duty. When we look about us at Vietnam or Czechoslovakia (or contemporary Ireland) we understand the validity of that remark.

F. A. Murphy's letter (BOOK FORUM, Mar. 6) indulges in the kind of witch-hunting that Irish writers over the last century have tried to expose. The point of my article concerned the massive indictment handed out by the entire canon of modern Irish literature against the colonial forces that have for centuries crippled the natural vigor and spontaneity of the Celtic people. If Mr. Murphy denies this indictment then it must be he, not I, who is "anti-Irish." "These fools all that we do would undo," Yeats cried out. "Down the fanatic, down the clown/ Down, down, batter them down. . . ." And in following Yeats's injunction I choose to consider myself more pro-Irish than any loud-shouting patriot who wears a green hat on March 17 and feels entitled to brand anyone he disagrees with (or who is pro-Protestant or pro-Israel) a "hater."

JOHN W. HUGHES,
New York, N.Y.

Repetitive Experience

JOHN ALDRIDGE IS TO BE commended for the courage he demonstrated in writing his review of James Jones's *The Merry Month of May* [*SR*, Feb. 13]. It is a brave man who dares to expose precisely that quality in Jones's work which appeals to his readers—his chronic condition of arrested development at an adolescent, albeit highly imaginative, level of emotional and sexual response.

Aldridge seems to have passed through several of the stages described in Jones's novels himself, for he obviously recognizes them and deals with them familiarly. Aldridge, however, has attained and *gladly* accepts the maturity appropriate to his experience, while Jones is left far behind, dealing with his static emotions the only way he knows—through periodic verbal discharge. The difference is analogous to that between "having ten years' experience" and "repeating one year's experience ten times."

IRIS BERKE,
New York, N.Y.

Disgrace

IN VIEW OF HIS POSITION as director of Intercultural Affairs for the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, Joseph Lichten's review of *The Samaritans* [*SR*, Feb. 13] is a disgrace.

Using the platitude "The figures speak for themselves," he would have readers believe the Poles are to blame for not saving all three million Jews from Nazi annihilation.

Using his premise, ". . . friendship . . . strong enough to create a united front against the common enemy," and using his logic, I could, in the same way, conclude that Jews were to blame for the Nazi liquidation of over six million Poles. My conclusion is as ridiculous as is the implication by Lichten.

JOSEPH S. WNUKOWSKI,
President, Polish Heritage Society,
Philadelphia, Pa.

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ANGLE OF REPOSE

by Wallace Stegner

Doubleday, 569 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Glendy Culligan

■ "Angle of repose" is a geological term for the diminished incline that halts a landslide. In Wallace Stegner's ambitious exploration of the nineteenth-century American West it connotes both the profession of the hero—a mining engineer—and the uneasy truce in which all paired opposites rest.

The title implies a larger meaning, a point Stegner makes in a note to his publisher, quoted on the book's jacket: "It is neither an 'historical' nor a 'pioneer' novel although it covers four generations in the life of an American family (1860-1970). . . ." Twentieth-century critical theory urges the reader to be wary of intentions; yet, like the protest of Hamlet's mother, such denials make us wonder what is really being avowed. Are the types of fiction that Stegner mentions somehow inferior? If so, what are their negative characteristics? And how does he manage to bypass them?

Although set in a frame that contrasts different contemporary values, the novel's core details life in a sequence of mining camps during the 1870s and 1880s. Superficially, it complies with Webster's definition of a historical novel as one "having as its setting a period of history and introducing some historical personages and events." Lyman Ward, the crippled historian who serves as narrator, scrutinizes those years in his grandparents' lives for clues to his own emotional depletion. From them he learns that "wisdom is knowing what you have to accept."

Those key words suggest the difference between Stegner's thrust and that of the usual period romance. Neither the acts nor artifacts of the westward migration interest him as much as its meaning for us, its heirs, who also suffer to some degree Lyman Ward's stiffened bones and attitudes. There are no trigger fingers in this essentially domestic chronicle. Cowboys, sheriffs, and Indians remain in the wings; the Battle of the Little Bighorn is dismissed with a passing reference. Nothing could be more alien to Wallace Stegner's art, as expressed in his meticulously wrought fiction over three decades, than escapist melodrama.

"Regional novels," on the other hand, are typically realistic—Stegner's consistent mode in many prize-winning short stories and in *The Big Rock Candy Mountain.* Stylistic habits are not easily overthrown, even though the "realist" label has depreciated since the 1940s; and Stegner continues to build with patient detail in the present novel. At the same time, in scope and structure he does transcend the landscape of his personal past. Neither East nor West is the true region of his novel, but rather the human soul and the tension between its poles. Early in his exploration of old family papers, Lyman Ward lists the opposites that his grandparents epitomized: "A masculine and a feminine. A romantic and a realist. A woman who was more lady than woman, and a man who was more man than gentleman." Scholar that he is, he might have added the concepts "genteel tradition" and "pioneer quest."

In concrete terms this schism meant that Grandmother Ward was incorrigibly refined and that her heart "bled Eastward," while Grandfather Ward, an inventor at ease with the untried, plunged wholeheartedly into "the picnic West." What interests their grandson is "how such unlike particles clung together, and under what strains, rolling downhill into their future until they reached the angle of repose where I knew them."

His interest invites our own, for in the absolute sense his grandparents are universal progenitors. They refute, among other "dubious assumptions about the early West," the legend that it was "made entirely by pioneers who had thrown everything away but an ax and a gun." Oliver Ward left Yale only because of bad eyesight, while Susan Ward, who "put a higher value on gentility than those who were bred to it," carried books and amenities to the most isolated canyons. In roaring Leadville her mountain cabin became a salon for such "historical personages" as Helen Hunt Jackson and Clarence King, the latter fresh from converse with his old friend Henry Adams.

That salon graced a peak in every sense. More often in Susan's travels the word was spelled "saloon." It was a time when America needed greening less than gentling. Between the coasts much of the continent was still an appalling expanse of "empty plains . . . raw cutbanks . . . flooded creeks" punctuated by "ugly barren little towns" where mud and bad manners mingled.

The daughter of poor Quakers, schooled in the art of the pre-Raphaelites, Susan had modeled her dream of upward mobility on her friend Augusta Drake, niece of a poet and bred to wealth, to whom Susan addressed sentimental effusions that force her modern grandson to wonder about Victorian sexuality. Ironically, Augusta snapped up the only suitor who might have elevated Susan, leaving her to her engineer and exile.

It is in his portrait of the taciturn surveyor that Stegner departs most radically from romantic stereotypes. Nephew of Henry Ward Beecher and cousin of Mrs. Stowe, Oliver Ward lacks the verbal wizardry of his famous kin but shares their idealism, a severe liability in the raw new land of mineral speculators and claim-jumpers. "He was a builder, not a raider," his grandson later reflects. Thus, despite ingenuity, he was assured of financial failure. Often his wife's earnings as illustrator for the Eastern magazines filled their larder. To Susan Ward, Oliver's negligence of claims

(*Continued on page* 34)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

ON HIGH

Each of these characters was involved with one of the mountains or ranges listed in Column Two. Martha E. M. Evans of State College, Pa., wants you to make the right geographical connections, and identify each character with his creator. If the going gets tough, take refuge on page 36.

1. Bilbo Baggins ( )	A. Alps	a. Bulwer-Lytton
2. Hans Castorp ( )	B. Andes	b. Bunyan
3. Christian ( )	C. Blue Ridge	c. Doyle
4. Hugh Conway ( )	D. Catskills	d. Goethe
5. Faust ( )	E. Delectable	e. Hemingway
6. Eugene Gant ( )	F. Harz	f. Hilton
7. Glaucus ( )	G. Himalayas	g. Irving
8. Professor Hardwigg ( )	H. Kilimanjaro	h. Mann
9. Harry ( )	I. Misty	i. Tolkien
10. Jefferson Hope ( )	J. Nevada	j. Verne
11. Doña Maria ( )	K. Sneffels	k. Wilder
12. Rip Van Winkle ( )	L. Vesuvius	l. Wolfe

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Make No Mystique About It

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

The women of the book world are on the march. Articles in mass magazines are warning mothers about the importance of early impressions of sex roles. There are many more books about boys and men than there are about girls and women, says Ann Eliasberg in "Are You Hurting Your Daughter Without Knowing It?" (*Family Circle,* February 1971). The female characters, she adds, are usually vapid and passive.

In the March 1971 *Woman's Day* another concerned mother, Marion Meade, announces, "Miss Muffet Must Go," and notes that picture books almost invariably portray mothers in their role of cook, laundress, and cleaning woman. She does, however, in a bibliography of approved books, cite one picture book: Eve Merriam's *Mommies at Work* (Knopf, $3.95). Mothers, the book points out, build bridges, direct television programs, and repair radios. They also bake cookies, "... and all mommies [love] best of all to be your very own mommy and [come] home to *you*!" There's a working mother in *City in Winter,* by Eleanor Schick (Macmillan, $4.95), and I'd be willing to bet that in the next few years we will see more and more of them in children's books. But I fear that some of them will be pedestrian, turned out to meet the demand.

There's no question about the paucity of picture books with girls as protagonists, and there are certainly so few whose heroines are adventurous that these stand out. We still have a plethora of girls with dolls, girls with kittens, and girls who help with the new baby just like a little mommy. As antidote, there's the Betsy Byars book (reviewed below) in which a boy looks after the baby. Or M. B. Goffstein's *The Two Piano Tuners* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.50), whose inflexible heroine is determined to pursue her grandfather's career.

In most books for young children the image of a girl as sedate and home-oriented is subtle, but there are some in which the message is blatant. Whitney Darrow's *I'm Glad I'm a Boy! I'm Glad I'm a Girl!* (Windmill/Simon & Schuster, $2.95) alternates comments: "Boys have trucks." "Girls have dolls." "Boys are doctors." "Girls are nurses." "Boys fix things." "Girls need things fixed." "Boys can eat." "Girls can cook." "Boys invent things." "Girls use what boys invent."

One of the most oft-repeated patterns in books for older readers is the tomboy who, at the end of the story, adjusts to her traditional role, conceding that her mother was right and dresses can be pretty, or that it is possible to enjoy a girls' club as much as playing shortstop with the guys.

Let me hasten to say I am not against dolls, dresses, or clubs for girls. I think there is a place for them in children's books, just as there is for mothers who prefer to (or have to) stay home baking brownies and generally overworking. We need both, so that children can learn that girls will grow up to be women who have a choice. In the present hue and cry about sexism in books let's not lose our perspective. And let's remember that we've had heroines like Harriet, the spy who did not come in from the cold, and like Ellen Grae, the child's Baron Munchausen. Let's not protest the image of Snow White. (Oh, yes, it has been criticized.) I don't think the members of Feminists on Children's Media, the active leaders in the publishing field, want aggressive heroines in every single book—at least, I hope they don't. They do want an open door, an equal chance, and female characters who are intelligent and active. More power to them.

Nevertheless, I must share the comment of a friend, Dorothy Gwynn, who, after attending a heated Women's Lib meeting, announced that she had decided to form a Ladies' Auxiliary.

Go and Hush the Baby. *By Betsy Byars. Illustrated by Emily A. McCully. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. The winner of this year's Newbery Award has written an engaging little book for young children, a story in which not much happens but where there is evidence of the same warmth and understanding that permeate her books for older readers. Will is about to take off for a session of baseball when his mother, busily painting, asks him to "Go and hush the baby. It won't take long." Will cheerfully obliges; the baby is enthralled. Time to go? No, the baby frets again. Patiently Will runs through his repertoire of songs, games, and stories, until the baby is given something even more entertaining: a bottle. Illustrations and text are childlike without being childish. Slight, but very nice. Ages 2-5.

A Road Down in the Sea. *By Lorenz Graham. Illustrated by Gregorio Prestopino. Crowell.* 46 *pp.* $3.95. "The Egypt people hold the Hebrews tight/ And make them slaves/ And make them work the farm/ And work the road/ And work some kind of hard." Thus begins an African storyteller's version of the Exodus of Moses and his people, first published in the author's *How God Fix Jonah,* a collection of Biblical tales in Liberian dialect. The illustrations are handsome, with jewel tones and dark faces on the color pages, which alternate with pages in stark black-and-white. The style is direct and flavorful. Ages 5-9.

—From "A Road Down in the Sea"

Secrets in Stones. *By Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames. Photographs by Gerald Ames. Four Winds Press.* 64 *pp.* $4.75. Black-and-white photographs supplement the text in introducing to young nature students the subject of stones and the kind of rocks they come from. The book is written simply, going into just enough detail to make comprehensible the effects of erosion, pressure, folding, and volcanic eruption, and suggesting some home experiments that show composition or structure. There is also a brief but enticing discussion of fossils. A very good first science book, this can be used with younger children but is primarily for ages 7-8.

The Shoeshine Boys. *By George Panetta. Illustrated by Joe Servello. Norton/Grosset & Dunlap.* 100 *pp.* $4.50. Tony had never seen his father cry until the day he lost his job. What would they do? *"Che disgrazia!"* his mother wailed, and it was indeed a catastrophe. That is why Tony decided he would become a shoeshine boy like the black boy he had seen in Central Park. Stocked with polish and rags, Tony went into business. Success would have been nil except for the help and counsel of the other boy; he generously offered to go into partnership, and so the Black and White Shoeshine Company was formed. There's a wealth of warmth, humor, family affection, and interracial friendship in a nicely told story with urban background. Ages 8-10.

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Erec and Enid. *Adapted and retold by Barbara Schiller. Illustrated by Ati Forberg. Dutton.* 48 *pp.* $4.25. **The Joy of the Court.** *Retold by Constance Hieatt. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Crowell.* 72 *pp.* $3.95. Two adaptations of a portion of the Arthurian cycle vary in coverage and in some details of the story, but both are distinguished for fluid style and felicity of language. The Schiller version, based on the original French of Chrétien de Troyes, is simpler in treatment, both in the writing and in scope: it describes only that portion of Erec's story in which he woos and wins his host's lovely daughter while pursuing the knight whose dwarf servant has struck one of the Queen's attendants. The Hieatt retelling is more florid, and continues the legend to incorporate Erec's long quest to prove his courage. Here Enid is not the host's daughter but the knight's captive. The illustrations for *Erec and Enid* have the dramatic vigor of early Charles Keeping illustrations, while those in *The Joy of the Court* are ornate and romantic. Ages 9-11.

Illustrated Chess for Children. *Written and illustrated by Harvey Kidder. Doubleday.* 127 *pp.* $4.95. Once upon a time there were real knights and castles, the knights agile on horseback, the castles solid and ponderous. In comparing each of the chess pieces to its medieval counterpart, Harvey Kidder gives color both to the text and the drawings of an admirably lucid book. The moves of each piece are explained, and the diagrams move from simple to comparatively complex chess problems. Ages 9-12.

The First Four Years. *By Laura Ingalls Wilder. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Harper & Row.* 135 *pp.* $4.95. I have a sneaking suspicion that many young adults who doted on the Little House books will read this as avidly as the current crop of Wilder fans. The manuscript was discovered after the author's death in 1957 and has been published without revision. It is the story of Laura and Manly's early years of marriage, their struggle to make a living as farmers in the rugged South Dakota climate, their joy in their first child. Like the other Wilder books, it has a simplicity and honesty that make it much more than just a piece of vintage Americana. Ages 10-14.

Deep Trouble. *By Walt Morey. Dutton.* 214 *pp.* $4.95. Joe had given up any hope of going to college. Since his father's death in a diving accident, Mom needed every penny Joe could earn, and the most lucrative thing he could think of was taking over Dad's job, checking deep-sea salmon traps. "Too young," they said, all except his father's friend Mr. Harmon, who gave Joe his first diving job. *Deep Trouble* is primarily an account of the excitement and danger of diving, but the story is balanced by a mild love interest, the taming of a seal pup, and some realistic family problems. The theme of a young man's acceptance of responsibility is handled convincingly, and the Alaskan setting has flavor. Ages 10-14.

Sunday in Centreville: The Battle of Bull Run, 1861. *By G. Allen Foster. Illustrations and maps by Harold Berson. David White.* 166 *pp.* $4.95. After the first Battle of Bull Run many dejected Union officers felt that Abraham Lincoln ought to talk to Jefferson Davis and call the whole thing off. They realized that it might be a long war, that their expectations of a few months' adventure were delusory. A minutely detailed account of the battle is preceded by a thoughtful analysis of the positions of the opponents, their misconceptions about each other, the complex social and economic factors that led to war, and the preparations made by the armies. The record of events prior to secession is lightened by tart humor. The tone is objective, the writing brisk and well documented, the illustrations attractive and informative. Ages 11 up.

—From "The Joy of the Court"

Young and Black in America. *Compiled by Rae Pace Alexander and Julius Lester. Random House.* 139 *pp.* $3.95. Excerpts from books by eight black men and women—all contemporary save for Frederick Douglass—give bitter evidence of the oppression and racism the authors suffered as children and young adults. Each story is prefaced by a brief biography, and a list of the volumes, in both hardcover and paperback editions, from which the selections were taken is included. Although the original books are well known, the cumulative effect of these extracts is powerful. Ages 12 up.

Bright Star: A Portrait of Ellen Terry. *By Constance Fecher. Illustrated with photographs. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 236 *pp.* $4.95. Add to competent writing backed by solid research, the glamour of the theater, a rags-to-riches theme, an appealing subject, and a positive flood of famous names (Ellen Terry's long life encompassed friendships with Tennyson and Lynn Fontanne), and you have a smasher! Constance Fecher, herself an actress, includes discussions of dramatic interpretation and technique (chiefly in conversations between Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving) in a book that is steeped in theatrical history and that portrays with sympathy and perception one of its great stars. Ages 12 up.

The Friendly Air. *By Elizabeth Cadell. Morrow.* 218 *pp.* $5.95. Engaged to solid, respectable Gerald, Emma is feeling strangely reluctant to stay in London and go house-hunting when she is invited to accompany elderly, eccentric Lady Grantly to Portugal. Does the experienced reader suspect that a more dashing suitor will come along? Right. Basically, the plot is that of a thousand other romances, but the characters are amusing, the style light and practiced, and the embroideries of incident (there are several little peripheral ploys afoot) entertaining. For young adults.

A Joyful Noise. *By Janet Gillespie. Harper & Row.* 273 *pp.* $6.95. In a loving piece of nostalgia Janet Gillespie remembers the busy, sun-drenched, and usually peaceful vacations she spent on the New England coast. Although the writing is occasionally repetitive, it has an easy flow and humor. The dialogue, too, is repetitive; but then, members of a family do tend to repeat their favorite jokes to each other. They are sketched with vitality, especially a queenly Victorian grandmother and a beloved retarded cousin. The book should have a special appeal to nature lovers, packed as it is with memories of flower walks, bird-watching, and the wonders of the seashore. For young adults.

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THE GRANDEES:
America's Sephardic Elite

by Stephen Birmingham

Harper & Row, 368 pp., $10

Reviewed by Allen Churchill

■ Stephen Birmingham's enormously successful *Our Crowd* contained seven references of varying length to Sephardic Jews, that exclusive minority which considers itself the aristocracy of Jewry. Now, in *The Grandees*, the same author devotes an entire book to the Sephardim in America, together with the colorful historical background that created these supersnobs of Judaism. (Incidentally, the word "Sephardim" derives from Sepharad, the land where the Hebrew wanderers are said to have settled after Jerusalem was captured by the Babylonians.)

Here and abroad, Sephardim have excellent reasons for feeling superior. They began settling in Spain when it was a Carthaginian colony. While other European Jews were being vilified and immolated (in the fourteenth century thousands were tortured and burned alive on charges of causing the Black Death), the Sephardim moved in the highest circles on the Iberian peninsula. Founders of Toledo, advisers (and even procurers) to royalty, bankers for governments, prominent in philosophy, literature, medicine, mathematics, astronomy, and law, for 600 glorious years the Sephardim were aristocrats first and Jews second.

But the forces of bigotry rose in Iberia as it had in the bulk of Europe, and the Inquisition began. The Sephardim were being driven from Spain as Columbus embarked on his first voyage. It is indicative of their pervasiveness that Columbus himself may have been a hidden Jew, that his navigational and astronomical charts were prepared by Jewish scientists, and that the funds for his venture did not come from the sale of Queen Isabella's jewels, as legend has it, but from the coffers of Jewish financiers.

Many of the Sephardim found refuge in Holland, then the most civilized country in Europe. Others went to England, some to Turkey, a few to Portuguese Brazil. The Inquisition raged on, and in 1654 a handful of Jews fleeing it in Brazil arrived in the harbor of New Amsterdam on a French privateer. These "twenty-three souls, big and little" comprised six families, and their ship has been called the "Jewish Mayflower." Their descendants—among them such names as Nathan, Hendricks, Solis, Gratz, da Silva, Piexotto, Seixas, and Franks—cherish their American lineage as do no other Jews, and indeed few gentiles.

The Sephardim had a rough time in New Amsterdam. Peter Stuyvesant, who was no libertarian, considered them heathens. But they remained proud and haughty, and when the English took over in 1664 they began to prosper. A synagogue was built, and at least two families were rich enough to contribute toward the construction of Trinity Church. Other Sephardim arrived from England and the Netherlands, and some left Manhattan to settle in Philadelphia, Newport, and New Orleans. One became an outstanding New England slave trader; another took as an apprentice in his fur trade a young German immigrant named John Jacob Astor. Sephardim married into the First Families of the New World, even eventually a Rockefeller.

Mr. Birmingham deflates a few legends. Haym Solomon did not lend as much money to the Revolutionary cause as many would like to believe. Nor is it certain that Sir Walter Scott based Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* on Rebecca Gratz of Manhattan, whom he never met. (She was a devoted friend of Washington Irving's fiancée, who died before their wedding, and Irving told Scott of Rebecca's beauty and nobility of character.) In Uriah P. Levy (1792-1862) the author finds a character worthy of his exceptional writing gifts. Diminutive, cocky, and wealthy, Uriah was a magnificent eccentric who joined the Navy as cabin boy at the age of fourteen and set out to become its first Jewish officer. He finally attained the rank of captain, having survived half a dozen courts-martial in the process. A devout admirer of Thomas Jefferson, Uriah commissioned and paid for the massive bronze statue of him that stands in the Capitol Rotunda. On a visit to Monticello after Jefferson's death Uriah found the estate in disrepair, bought it for $2,700, and set about restoring its former beauty. At sixty-one, Uriah was off to sea again, in command of his own ship. With him went an eighteen-year-old Sephardic bride; he was the first and only American naval commander ever to sail with wife aboard.

A few male Sephardim were gay blades, but most were dignified, family-conscious, and industrious. One of the rare weaklings in the proud line was Albert Cardozo, father of Supreme Court Justice Benjamin Nathan Cardozo. As a state jurist, the elder Cardozo "disgraced" himself by catering to Boss Tweed and Jay Gould. Among New York City's famous unsolved crimes was the murder of Benjamin Nathan, a myopic millionaire who was not known to have an enemy. Annie Nathan Meyer, the first girl in the city to ride a bicycle, single-handedly founded Barnard College, which ought to have been named for her but for diplomatic reasons was called after a one-time president of Columbia.

Mr. Birmingham seems in a hurry to end his book: The only modern figure he treats in any depth is Justice Benjamin Cardozo, who, impelled in part by his father's disgrace, devoted his life diligently to law. The author finds him "lonely, tortured, obsessed." Emma Lazarus and Bernard Baruch are mentioned briefly. Baruch claimed to be Sephardic and is so listed in *Americans of Jewish Descent*, by Malcolm Stern, a book Mr. Birmingham uses as a guide, but the author has doubts. Songstress Eydie Gorme is Sephardic, if not top-echelon. Tennis star Vic Seixas does not answer letters of genealogical inquiry from Nathans, Hendrickses, and other blood-conscious Sephardim.

Those who relished *Our Crowd* will find *The Grandees* a more serious work; the titles underscore the difference. There may be less bounce here, but Mr. Birmingham has written a straightforward, engrossing, and rewarding book about a group that added subtle flavoring to the American melting pot.

Allen Churchill is the author of fifteen books, most recently "The Upper Crust: An Informal History of New York's Highest Society." His next will be "The Literary Decade: Writers and Writing in the Nineteen Twenties."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1442

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1442 will be found in the next issue.

ABYS CASHFSF XBVS JTHZ XHVVOHES, DBV JTS VSHFBZ JTHJ VBXHZMS OF XBVS OZJSVSFJOZE JTHZ TOFJBVR.

—ZOMBAHF MTHXDBVJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1441

By despising himself too much a man becomes worthy of his own contempt.

—FREDERIC AMIEL.

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JOURNEY FROM THE NORTH: Autobiography of Storm Jameson

Harper & Row, 792 pp., $15

Reviewed by Elizabeth Easton

■ "You will go journeys, my little love, you're a Thursday's child—far to go," Storm Jameson's mother told her as the young girl was about to leave the Yorkshire seaport of Whitby, where she had been born, to attend the Municipal School at Scarborough. Later, when Daisy, as she was called, departed for Leeds University, she sensed her mother's regret, and bought her one of the gilt mesh purses then fashionable. "That won't comfort me in my lonely round," was her mournful thanks.

Young people who feel their parents "don't understand" should read this autobiography. Here is a mother who understands her daughter only too well. Miss Jameson's portrait of her—a selfish, bitter, unforgiving woman who knew exactly which nerve to rasp for greatest effect—is one of the best in a book filled with vivid glimpses of people, famous and unknown. The clumsy, silent boy who was Daisy's brother and grew up to join the Royal Flying Corps, win the Médaille Militaire, and die in World War I; Walter de la Mare, the gentle, serene poet; ribald Jan Masaryk, clowning and imitating the British Foreign Secretary; Daisy's younger sister, working on a doll's house for the children she would not live to see playing with it; waspish, clever H. G. Wells; the shy American Ambassador in wartime London, John Winant—these and others are depicted memorably and compassionately.

But this is much more than an album of sketches. Comprising two books issued in one volume of almost 800 closely packed pages, the memoir deals with three distinct eras: the middle-class world that flourished before 1914, the years between World Wars I and II, and the present. It is crammed with conversations, philosophy, literary opinions, loving descriptions of France and of the United States (where Miss Jameson and her second husband, Guy Chapman, taught for a year at Pittsburgh University), and of Whitby, where Miss Jameson's roots lie.

The book is in fact too long, and suffers from the lack of an index. There are times when the reader feels the author must have total recall, and indeed she confesses to a habit of recording conversations at the end of each day. We get too many of these; even the most appreciative American reader must occasionally grow impatient with, for instance, the trivia of the British literary world. But there is undeniable fascination in the gusto with which Miss Jameson recreates her life story.

The author inherited her physical strength from her father, a master mariner, and her restlessness from her mother. She was ambitious, determined to achieve something. After a brief, unhappy marriage, she became in 1923 the London representative for Alfred Knopf, a post she held for five years. Miss Jameson taught herself to write, but it was a long time before she trusted her ability as an author sufficiently to try to live by it.

Just before World War II Miss Jameson became president of the London center of P.E.N., and devoted much of her energy to helping other writers, particularly refugees. Her trips to Czechoslovakia before Munich bring back times that even those who lived through them find hard to believe. Like many intellectual idealists, Miss Jameson had been a pacifist after World War I, and was faced in the Thirties with what she considered "a choice between two guilts."

> The price of surrendering to the Nazi barbarian is Auschwitz, the camp guards pushing the living bodies of children into the gas chambers, the killing of prisoners for pleasure, the corruption, in the long run deadly, of language. The price of war is a million, ten million, broken and tortured bodies, broken minds, and the destruction of long-living cities and villages. No answer, no answer.

But when war came, and even before, she knew that England must fight.

A strong note of *mea culpa* sounds throughout the book. The feeling of guilt for England's behavior towards Czechoslovakia at Munich is understandable, but when Miss Jameson goes so far as to think of the Elgin Marbles while inspecting the vandalism of German troops in the Polish National Museum, this reader loses patience. Lord Elgin's ethics in removing the marbles from the Acropolis may be debatable, but was his action in any sense comparable to the use of Gobelin tapestries as blankets, the bayoneting of Egyptian mummies, the slashing of paintings, or the depositing of heaps of excrement amid the wreckage? I think not.

Also hard on herself, the author is self-reproachful for not being loving enough: "Why don't I forgive that restless young woman? Only a fool measures himself for a hair shirt. Very well," she concludes, "I am a fool." Far from it.

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

"Let me see you down-shift out of this one."

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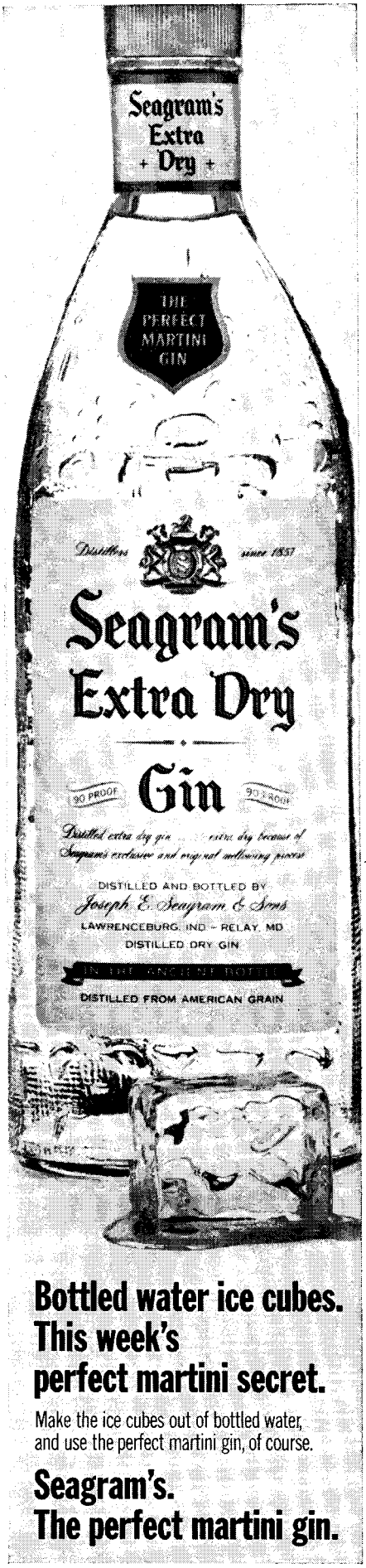

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"Angle of Repose"

Continued from page 29

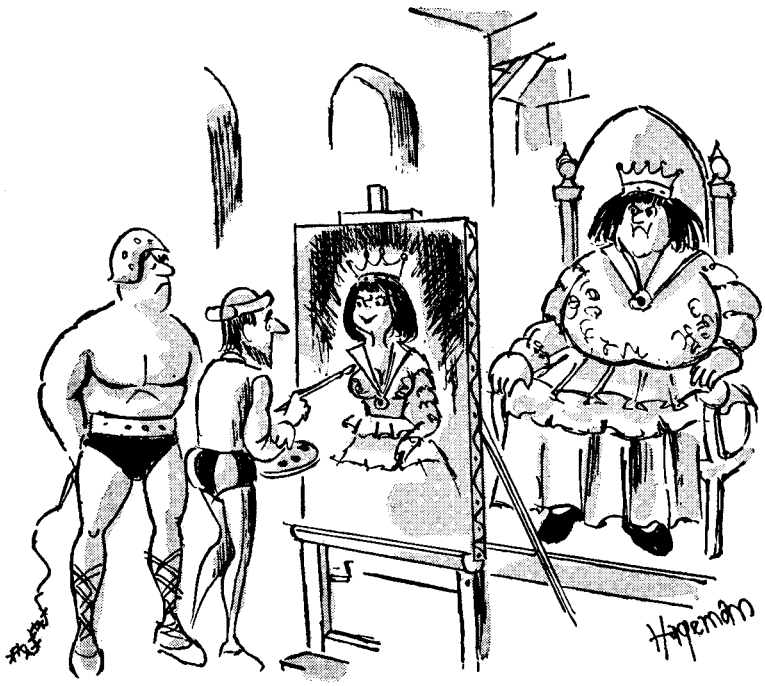
and patents was a chronic grievance. To his grandson, evaluating them decades later, his abnegation meant moral superiority. "He had an uncomplicated ambition to leave the world a little better . . . to develop it for human use." From any point of view, however, the price of Oliver's honor was isolation; first physical, then spiritual. In their angle of repose Susan and Oliver found rest without peace, since their opposed contours never really melded.

Out of this human dilemma a central fact of American history emerges: the prolonged contest between genteel tradition and frontier exigence that shaped our art, letters, politics, and morality. The complex of ideas bundled into those opposites was, and is, enormous. On the side of tradition stood tested ideas of law, literary form, rank, manners—and the threat of spiritual paralysis which is symbolized in the stiffened torso of Lyman Ward. On the side of the frontier were stacked some winning chips: innovation, strength, hope, equality—and the danger of anti-intellectualism. As with a heart transplant, at any moment the social organism may reject alien tissue. While the patient or the nation lives, that danger cannot be considered past.

With this relevant concern Stegner avoids the banalities of both the "historical" and "regional" modes, but he has not quite escaped all the hazards of his craft. Working from idea to instance, engineering his bridge between the centuries with almost scientific precision, he has achieved the illumination of intellect rather than the blinding light of feeling. Like those arresting dioramas in the anthropology wing of the Smithsonian, his reconstruction lacks the visible pulse that could fool us into walking through the glass. Stegner's best stories, based on intimate experience, never lack that twitch of life. The loss of vitality results in part from the choice of narrator. Disfigurement can be an effective device in symbolist drama or in black comedy, but too literally rendered, with attendant self-pity, it limits our empathy. More important, Lyman Ward's wisdom is all cerebral; he lacks the gut reaction essential to profound perception. We sense that even his late-found tolerance cannot heal his spirit or his marriage. Furthermore, without intuitive sensitivity, he attributes qualities to his ancestors that are hard to believe because they are never corroborated by action. The charm that he imagines in Susan, for example, is belied by the fretful note of her letters. Similarly, Oliver's "unsuspected sensibility" remains just that, since in every important confrontation, he tends to "close up like a clam."

Thus the novel's main irony is extrinsic and unintended. Despite the author's disclaimer, its considerable interest and value are historical, after all. In the best sense of the word, that is no mean achievement.

Glendy Culligan was for a number of years book review editor of the Washington Post.



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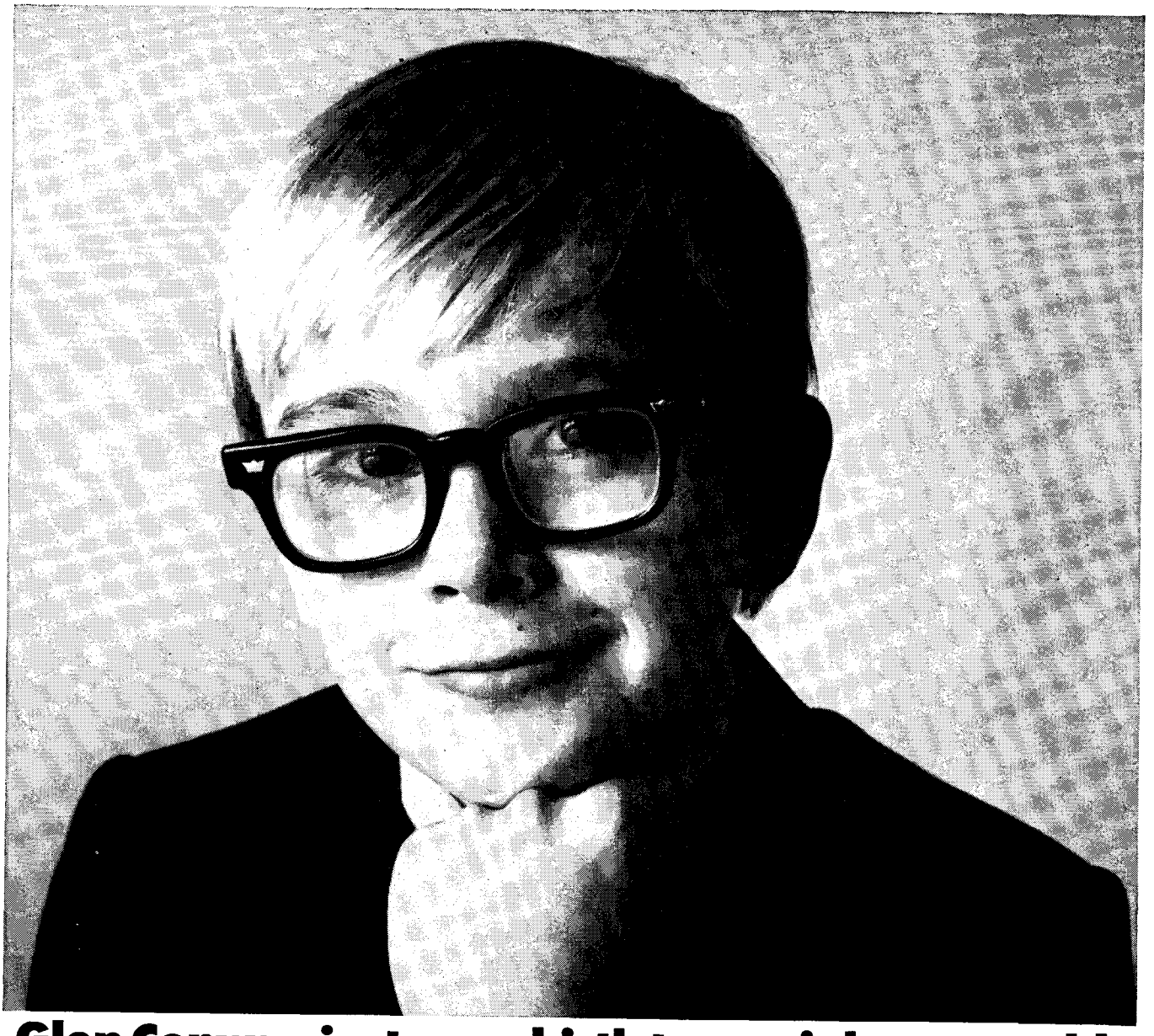

Glen Conway just gave birth to an eight-year-old.

It's true. And the whole Conway family is delighted. Glen knows about helping because his dad is a policeman and helps people all the time. So when Glen heard about Save the Children Federation in school, he wanted to do something. His parents decided it would, indeed, be wonderful to sponsor a child. To give their eleven-year-old a chance to learn how children in other countries, children less fortunate than their son, must fight for survival. And that's how Antonio Laverde came into their lives.

Glen and Antonio are separated by a lot more than the miles between Long Island and Colombia. Antonio lives in one room. With eight brothers and sisters. Soup made with potatoes and roots is his main meal. You see, his dad only has the use of one arm. And even though he works long hours at odd jobs, he still earns just five dollars a week.

Now, because of Glen and his family, much of that will change. Through Save the Children Federation the Laverdes will get an interest-free loan to buy hens. And the hens will lay eggs. Eggs to improve the family diet. Eggs to be sold at market and increase the Laverdes' income. And keep Antonio in school. For only with learning can there be hope. And some of the funds can be used to help make the community a better place for all the children.

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THREE: 1971 ("The Good Professor Who Murdered the Bad Little Girl," by Arthur Gould; "The Last One," by Calvin Kentfield; "A Coffeehouse Acquaintance," by Edith Templeton)

Random House, 209 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ In his preface to *The Lesson of the Master*, Henry James praised "the beautiful and blest *nouvelle*." He believed that the short novel ideally combined "length and breadth," and he deplored "the general indifference to this fine type of composition." Although many significant writers have found it congenial to their purposes, the novella seems to have reached an impasse.

Eleven years ago, Random House hoped to publish an annual volume of short novels. But *Three: 1971* is only the third to appear within a decade, and its editors must now conclude that few good writers are working in the field. Perhaps the engrossing fiction in this book will attract more to a form that demands compression yet yields enough flexibility to contain an inclusive vision of life.

The longest story is Arthur Gould's *The Good Professor Who Murdered the Bad Little Girl*. Mr. Gould describes a fatal day in the life of Jack Trilling, an English professor at a Midwestern university, who laments his failure to realize his youthful dreams. One such dream goes back to the third grade, when a classmate named Alexandria invited him to ride home in her mother's chauffeur-driven Auburn Electric.

Thirty-five years later and still haunted by this memory, Jack lives above a garage where his landlady parks her "ancient glistening Bentley." He's happy to be near such a symbol of aristocracy, as well as to drive in his own MG roadster, a car that represents "the closest thing he had to a world of his own."

During his undergraduate days, following in Byron's steps, Jack visited the Greek islands and swam across the Hellespont, regarding himself as a latter-day Leander. At other times he imagined himself to be Galahad or Tristram. Now his literary identifications are lethal: Ahab, Othello, and the avenging God of the Old Testament. He yearns to kill the people who frustrate his dreams: his mundane wife, the new chairman of the English Department, a local merchant who persecutes debtors, a sexy student who ridicules his worship of female chastity.

Skilfully blending satire and realism, Mr. Gould depicts Jack as a deranged mixture of Raskolnikov and Emma Bovary—a man obsessed by material goods and mad ideals. At the end of his day, Jack murders a child who resembles the youthful Alexandria. He feels no remorse. Instead, he now has a new dream: he wants to own a Honda.

Jack emerges as an ironic modern archetype. He suggests what can happen to a susceptible mind when it's seduced by the odd coupling of great literature and the consumer impulse. If Mr. Gould's images seem literal—a dead starling is too obvious a symbol for a dead child—his story is still a grimly amusing account of mental disintegration.

In Edith Templeton's *A Coffeehouse Acquaintance* a young woman visits Prague and has an affair with a secretive Russian who may or may not be a communist agent. The woman's scruples prevent her from asking him direct questions. Three years later she returns to the city, only to find that her lover's identity has become even more ambiguous.

Miss Templeton suggests that some people are unwilling or unable to reveal their true selves. One must be content with the surfaces men reflect and learn to value the essential mystery of personality. In a short story, Miss Templeton's indirect narrative might have been opaque; in a novel, its subtleties could have been oppressive. The novella perfectly accommodates her gentle, elusive tale.

Calvin Kentfield's previous fiction has revealed his excellent ear for dialogue. There seems to be no dialogue in *The Last One* because its narrator, Harmon Blasingame, is the only human survivor of a nuclear holocaust. He observes the world in the year 2011, writing down his notes on the back of a letter he once received from "Granny" Stubbins, a distant relative.

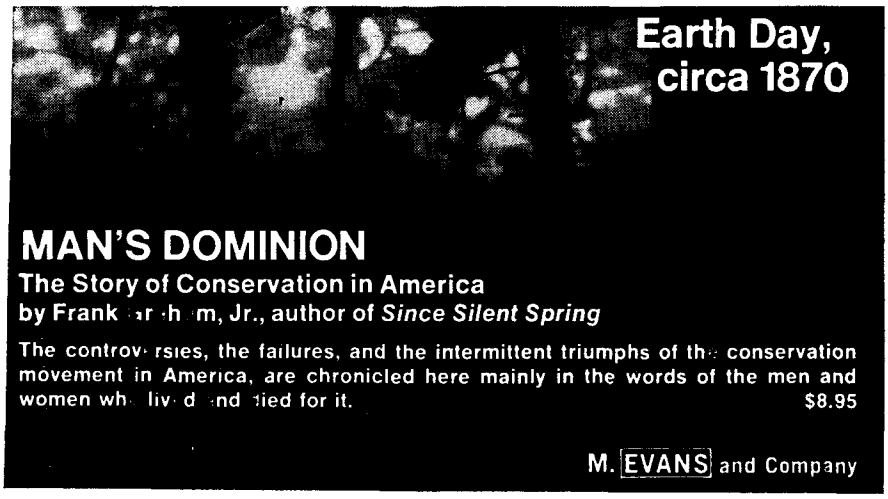
Granny's letter is a funny and poignant account of major events in her life up to the time she entered a home for the aged. By using excerpts from her letter as a counterpoint to his narrator's thoughts, Mr. Kentfield creates an illusion of continuing dialogue. The illusion is vividly sustained as both characters convey the individual complexity of their experiences.

Blasingame, who had been a Navy doctor on a nuclear-powered submarine, indicts military men for their dedication to violence. Granny implies that civilians were also insensitive to life. Blasingame is the last man on earth, but Granny was the "last one" in her family line, forced to face death alone and unwanted. Her profoundly human outlook encourages the narrator to remember what was best in a world exploited and finally destroyed by man.

Throughout the story Mr. Kentfield projects a chilling vision of a new breed of being, strangely conceived and doomed to extinction. (This is the stuff of science fiction, but Mr. Kentfield makes it also a matter of art.) These creatures "do not mourn." They cannot miss a world they have never known. Nor can they appreciate "deep forests, old wet stones, moss and butterflies, crowded bars on blustery nights, champagne and whiskey, the light of a roadhouse down the road in the lake country in summer. . . ."

A reader experiences a renewed appreciation of life from this story. *The Last One* reveals just how "beautiful and blest" a form the short novel can be in the hands of a mature artist.

Joseph Catinella is a New York-based writer and reviewer.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1 Ii, *The Hobbit*; 2Ah, *Magic Mountain*; 3Eb, *Pilgrim's Progress*; 4Gf, *Lost Horizon*; 5Fd; 6Cl, *Look Homeward, Angel*; 7La, *Last Days of Pompeii*; 8Kj, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*; 9He, *Snows of Kilimanjaro*; 10 Jc, *Study in Scarlet*; 11 Bk, *Bridge of San Luis Rey*; 12 Dg.

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FIREFLIES

by Shiva Naipaul

Knopf, 436 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Linda Hess

■ *Fireflies* is a long, complex, but orderly chronicle of the disintegration of a rich and powerful Hindu clan in Trinidad. The plot spans about twenty-five years, and, as a good family saga should do, spreads before us a rich array of landscapes, cityscapes, social patterns, portraits, and caricatures. At the center is Baby Lutchman, one of the less important members of the Khoja clan, who possesses (probably because of her humble position) some human qualities her kinsmen lack. We follow Mrs. Lutchman's life from her marriage at eighteen through the death of her husband, the failure of one enterprise after another, the disgrace and departure of first her younger and then her older son, leaving her in the bleak awareness that she will end her days "a remote and curious figure" living on the charity of a good-natured rural cousin.

Shiva Naipaul, brother of novelist V. S. Naipaul, writes with the ironist's detachment, expertly and unobtrusively observing those details that mark his characters' idiosyncrasies, tracing through them the warp and woof of a social fabric that becomes increasingly frayed.

The Khojas owe their power and prestige among Trinidad Indians to the wealth their immigrant parents amassed in land and jewels, and to a steadfast clinging to Hindu traditions and affectations, disdaining the Anglo-Christian and Negro society around them. Govind Khoja is the clan's acknowledged head, the protector of ancestral values, controller of fortunes, and eventual object of rebellion. Playing God and intellectual in his murky upstairs library, he finally crowns himself with absurdity by waving volumes of Rousseau at the electorate in his race for public office while his opponent waves bottles of rum. Govind's wife Sumintra is a butter-soft hypochondriac who, having proved unable to bear live babies, keeps a family of large dolls which she regularly bathes, dresses, and coos to.

Govind has six sisters, each admirably portrayed, from the hawkish, orthodox Urmila to the fascinating recluse Indrani. Though on the surface Mrs. Lutchman, a cousin who was brought up with them, is treated as an equal, her inferior status is subtly enforced. But what separates her most strikingly from the others is a set of spiritual traits: acceptance of circumstances,

—*Mark Gerson*

Shiva Naipaul—"ambitious, skillful."

tough-minded independence, and capacity for domestic affection.

Unimaginative, unlucky, doggedly loyal to the crumbling family structure, occasionally showing the strain of cruelty that runs strong in the Khojas, Mrs. Lutchman is an unpromising heroine. As the novel progresses, nothing is more certain than her powerlessness. Yet even when the family is destroyed, and everything in her that has been identified with it is also destroyed, she is not.

At the end Mrs. Lutchman reviews the stages of her life:

> A marriage so many of whose happinesses she had had to invent for herself and which, so it seemed to her, had ended on the brink of success; a son virtually dead to her; the house that had had to be sold; and now Bhaskar, failed doctor, teacher and chicken farmer, on the point of leaving her and sealing that departure with a worthless marriage to a worthless girl. Today she must perform her final act of dispossession.

She assents, as always, to the flow of events, and takes comfort in her solitude and in the cool breezes blowing up from the cane fields.

This is not an "optimistic" conclusion. The world Naipaul paints is indeed drab, ugly, sad. But throughout the work he allows, almost absentmindedly and despite himself, gleams of humor, beauty, and spirit to shine through. We remember these, along with the vivid realizations of the violent and grotesque.

There are occasional clichés of language and implausibilities of character in *Fireflies*. These, however, are minor flaws. What bothers me more is a quality of style that—in common with Mrs. Lutchman's personality—is stable, thorough, emotionally limited. Not that it's boring: the details of dialogue and description are consistently sharp and well selected. But for a panoramic human comedy it seems to me to lack lightness. The pall of doom and decay hangs over nearly everything. Although Mr. and Mrs. Khoja are comic figures, behind his muddling and pomposity, behind her fussiness, the heavily stupid and grimly neurotic lurk so close that we seldom can laugh freely. Mrs. Lutchman is the only character who demonstrates a sense of humor, and she very rarely. The closest the others come is a sort of bitter sarcasm.

Readers who are primarily concerned with current experiments and theories in fiction will find Naipaul obviously out of date. There is no self-consciousness about the novelist's role, no playing back and forth between art and life, no surreal divagations or electronic adumbrations. *Fireflies* is a social novel, part of a solid tradition extending from Balzac to *Buddenbrooks*. The genre has by no means lost its appeal, although it is now more peripheral than it was a century ago.

Shiva Naipaul has written an ambitious, skillful, memorable first novel. My taste leads me to hope that he will move toward a lighter touch, a more personal and exploratory style, in his next.

Linda Hess, a free-lance writer who has lived in India, is currently a teaching assistant at the University of California, Berkeley.

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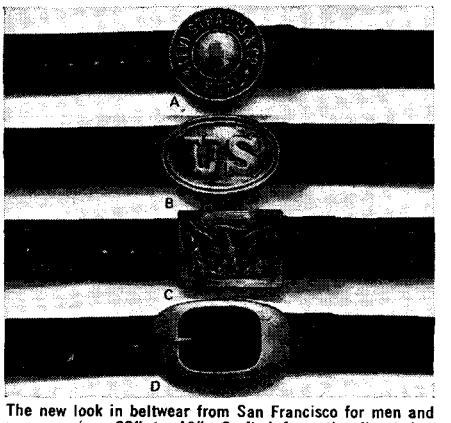

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

Dreams of Maple Sugar Plums

THE WINDS OF MARCH may make my heart a dancer, but the snows of February rattle the vertebrae, and it was therefore only with a vast equipage of thermal longjohns, mittens that would have seen Amundsen through the snowflakes of Antarctica, and a full storage battery of inner warmth that I succumbed to family blandishments recently and headed the roadster north to the white powder hills of Vermont.

It was, considering the anxieties that prevailed in my household, an expedition mounted with at least as much care and planning as had been exercised by Hillary and Tensing before they set out to conquer Everest. It cost very little less to equip.

I had long marveled at—chaffed at would be more accurate—those inhabitants of the Eastern smog belt who highball up to Vermont every winter's Friday night and return in the fading light of Sunday, announcing themselves on bleary Monday mornings to be refreshed, uplifted, and otherwise regenerated. I'm not sure I'm prepared for that kind of shuttle, even given the exhilaration I was to find on those snow-dusted slopes. Still, the ride northward, splitting the middle of Connecticut, slicing through the Berkshires, to the heart of the ski country, is fastest and easiest on Vermont 91, the road that leads to the promised lands of Stratton, Magic Mountain, Killington, Sugarbush, and other celebrated snowdrifts.

Five hours out of the urban coils and we were rolling between the snowbanks and the great houses, both of which line the byways of Woodstock, that venerable center of Vermont. That very afternoon, we were fitted out with rented boots, skis, and poles, so that we would be ready for the ringing of the ski school bell that would toll on the morrow.

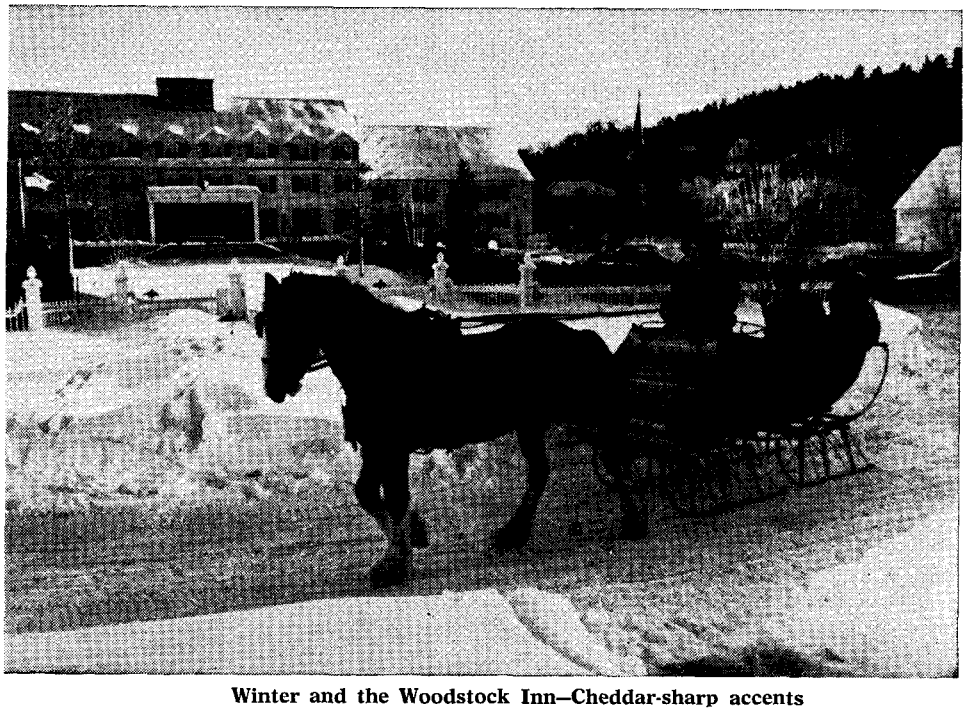
Woodstock was not born out of the ski craze, but rather is a New England village that by the late 1700s had more than thirty frame and brick houses. It became a shire town, which is local talk for county seat, and its courthouse collected lawyers and, in their wake, merchants who built large and handsome houses. Twenty-four of various vintages from 1793 to 1849 still stand. Its classical colonialism made it popular with visitors from the earliest days of pleasurable migrations, and a local chronicler of the mid-1950s called it "a teeming center of tourism."

In 1934, some of the winter visitors—heaven knows what they were doing up there that season of the year—staying at the old White Cupboard Inn, were pulled up a hill on America's first ski tow. An old Model-T truck supplied the power, and the rope yanked the skiers up the slopes on Clinton Gilbert's farm north of the village. The Cupboard innkeepers, using their own printing press, to say nothing of their enterprise, sent snow bulletins to newspapers in Boston, Montreal, and New York.

The rope tow as well as the old White Cupboard Inn is gone, but the skiers have multiplied with the alacrity of Belgian hares. They slide the slopes at Mount Tom, a large and open area with two Poma lifts one mile from town, and at Suicide Six, two miles down the pike, which, as the name might imply, offers more challenging runs. Like the new Woodstock Inn, which opened in 1969, the slopes are a project of Laurance Rockefeller, the friendly innkeeper who has other shelters at Mauna Kea in Hawaii, Dorado Beach in Puerto Rico, Caneel Bay and Little Dix in the Virgin Islands, *und so weiter*.

The ski encampment is run with singular Gallic essence by Claude Gaudin, who has just the right accent, just the right shaggy mustache, just the right élan to evoke the faint musk of Megève. Mme. Gaudin, chic and French, a speed skier of yesteryear who teaches French at Dartmouth, twenty-one miles away, does nothing to detract from that image when she visits the slopes. A core of instructors, a number equipped with banks-of-the-Seine accents, is on hand to coach the duffers.

The influences of Gaul, so evident on the slopes, are, more's the pity, not to be found in the warming hut, where the lunch counter dispenses endless



Winter and the Woodstock Inn—Cheddar-sharp accents and snowshoe imprints on the side of the trail.

Coolidge Speaks

I could not look upon the peaks of Ascutney, Killington, Mansfield, and Equinox without being moved in a way that no other scene could move me.

It was here that I first saw the light of day; here I received my bride; here my dead lie pillowed on the loving breast of our everlasting hills. I love Vermont because of her hills and valleys, her scenery and invigorating climate, but most of all, because of her indomitable people. They are a race of pioneers who have almost beggared themselves to serve others. If the spirit of liberty should vanish in other parts of the Union and support of our institutions should languish, it could all be replenished from the generous store held by the people of this brave little state of Vermont.

—PRESIDENT COOLIDGE,
at Bennington, Vermont,
September 21, 1928.

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hamburgers, hot dogs, egg salad sandwiches, and for the robust, platters of beef stew. There isn't a drop of alcohol in sight, and, considering the traffic on the slopes, no one can fault the caution.

Once away from the downhill ski zone, the aroma is all native New England with none of the chalet-and-dirndl overlay imported from the Alpine motherland that decorates so many winter stations in the United States and Canada. Twice a day Forrest Quinn will take a party of adventurers aboard his horse-drawn sled over the mountain trails, under the snow-brushed evergreens, through the heart of the sugarbush lands that will be tapped in spring for the precious gold of pure maple sugar.

Dressed in an enormous horsehide coat, Mr. Quinn rests his steaming bays every now and then, taking advantage of the lull to drop a few nuggets of information. There in the narrow road, with the imprint of snowshoes along the side of the trail outlined by the light of the moon, and all the stars of the cosmos looking down, Quinn's cheddar-sharp Vermont accent crackles in the night. We are riding, he says, over some of the great tract of 1,000 acres that was bought by Frederick Billings, a Woodstock boy who went West to find his fortune. He became president of the Northern Pacific, and when that railway arrived in the Yellowstone Valley in 1882, the company established a town which became Billings, Montana. His granddaughter, Mary French, many years later, was married in the big white First Congregational Church on Elm Street to Laurance Rockefeller, a young man with a promising future. As his interest developed toward conservation, hotel keeping, and providing sanctuaries where weary *commerçants* might refresh themselves, Laurance turned toward Vermont. He rebuilt the old Woodstock Inn two years ago, planting it on the same real estate occupied by Richardson's Tavern, when it opened in 1793.

The first of the line of Woodstock Inns was opened with some celebration in 1892, providing all guests with the use of a fur coat during the winter season and rooms for maids and manservants. Long sleighs fetched passengers who steamed from Boston and Montreal on the Woodstock Railroad. Cross-country skiing was popular, and so, one would judge, were the rates, which in 1903 ranged from $30 to $58 a week for two persons with all meals.

Mr. Quinn's nighttime outings maintain the tradition for sleigh riding, and cross-country skiing has been energetically revived at Woodstock, using the Robert Trent Jones golf course and

(*Continued on page* 68)

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Propaganda Deflation

THE RECENT "CBS Reports: The Selling of the Pentagon," superbly written and produced by Peter Davis in the best tradition of revelatory journalism and narrated by Roger Mudd with laudable zeal, is an interesting example of the ambiguous relationship between information and propaganda. CBS News must be congratulated on the program's presentation—not only for investing ten months in its preparation but also for the courage in directing so vigorous a challenge to the Defense Department's multimillion-dollar public relations apparatus.

Television networks, after all, continue to depend on the collaboration of the Armed Forces for a large percentage of their news and documentaries. CBS News, one may speculate, thought that it was not propagandizing but merely presenting facts objectively when it marshaled pictures, statistics, and words to support the charge that the Pentagon's p.r. machine is a "runaway bureaucracy that frustrates attempts to control it."

To assume, however, that information is necessarily different from propaganda is to take too simple a view. Propaganda can be used with the best of intentions, even in the cause of saving democracy; this does not render it less ruinous to democratic behavior, which, in Jacques Ellul's words, is based on "the possibility of choice and differentiation." The information that "The Selling of the Pentagon" gave to its viewers tellingly supported the charge that the Pentagon's p.r. efforts glamourize combat and maintain among the civilian population a pervasive sense of danger that can find relief only in a military solution. The Pentagon does this, it was shown, through direct contacts with civilians who participate in military displays, exhibits, and tours; through obsolete films made by the Armed Forces that keep alive the rhetoric of the Cold War; and through deliberate manipulation of radio, press, and television.

The p.r. colonels, it was charged, exploit myth ("red-blooded American guts") and ideology ("the Communist menace") to keep their budgets high and the nation in a perpetual combat fever—all in the name of "educating" us to the necessary protection of our liberties. Military men, the program said, violate Army regulations when they deliver lectures on foreign policy; and the Defense Department ignores White House instructions to cut back on inappropriate displays and exhibits. With admirable candor, the documentary admitted that at times not only the public but even the press, including CBS News, had been beguiled into complicity. One of the network's own documentary teams had gone along with an Air Force Information Officer in misrepresenting certain facts about the air war over North Vietnam. Many network journalists had narrated films produced by the Pentagon during the Cold War. These films are still being circulated despite the change in official government policy from the rhetoric of confrontation to that of negotiation.

One wishes the program could have explored this delicate matter of whether or not journalists, under any circumstances, should ever become "cheerleaders" on the government's team. Another problem suggested by the program is where one can properly draw the line between reasonable self-promotion by the Armed Forces in competition for limited national resources and inadmissible propaganda. The program was admirable in its description of the Pentagon's self-salesmanship, but it did not venture into prescription. The implication, however, seemed clear: Cut the military's p.r. budgets; let Congress specify exactly how appropriations are to be used, and the propaganda can be contained. This approach, unfortunately, leaves unexplored the depth and complexity of propaganda in the life of modern nations.

Jacques Ellul, in his book *Propaganda*, argues that governments have no choice but to manipulate their citizens so that they will actually desire the decisions that are made for them. Moreover, he asserts, people need propaganda. Myths and ideologies spread abroad by the mass media give individuals a sense of coherence and worth, relieving unbearable psychological tensions. In this respect, the very information distributed daily by the media, which present a total image of catastrophe, is, indeed, the propaganda culture itself. It nourishes individual anxieties that yearn for the mystical salvation of propaganda's simplifications. The very entertainment programs of the networks contribute to this syndrome by cultivating a sense of the glamour of violence and danger. Peter Davis's documentary is not any less praiseworthy for the raising of these subtle issues, for those issues merely suggest that information—to be a weapon against propaganda—must be not only objective but full. One must avoid saying, "I am information, and thou propaganda." The counter-propaganda, critical intelligence, is aware that we are always both at once.

"You fellows know where I stand on the thing, and so there's no use my hanging around."

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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The most fashionable cliché in education's lexicon today is "accountability"—and we are likely to hear much more on the subject in the months to come. In the past, it was the children, primarily, who were held accountable for individual success in the classroom. More recently, as we became increasingly aware of the child as a product of his home environment, a share of the responsibility was handed to the family. But now the finger is pointing in many other directions as well, and the concept of accountability is taking a variety of forms.

Performance contracting, which appears to be gaining popularity with school board members around the country, provides an example of accountability in its most direct and tangible form. A commercial teaching agency contracts with a local school board to provide instruction in certain subjects (or, as in the case of Gary, Indiana, to staff and administer an entire school). It is paid at an agreed-upon rate for each student who achieves at a satisfactory level, but receives no payment for students who fail to perform.

In a quite different context, the United Federation of Teachers (UFT), the New York City local of the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), has an explicit accountability clause written into its contract. Acknowledging that the schools, as presently constituted, do not serve all children equally well and that minority-group children are particularly ill-served, the union's contract states explicitly: "The board and the union therefore agree to join in an effort, in cooperation with universities, community school boards, and parent organizations, to seek solutions to this major problem and to develop objective criteria of professional accountability."

This clause took on special import last month when the New York City Board of Education announced a dramatic new program to develop means for measuring the effectiveness of teachers and supervisors in the city's schools. The Educational Testing Service, of Princeton, New Jersey, has been retained to devise an "accountability design" that will define the performance objectives of both students and staff members, taking into account the many factors both within the school and outside it that affect student performance, and will recommend an administrative structure for an accountability system. The first attempt of its kind in the country, the New York program will be designed to protect individual teachers. In fact, UFT President Albert Shanker says that it will provide the greatest protection teachers have ever known, because successful teachers will be protected from unfair criticisms through proof of their effectiveness, and poor teachers will have an indication of the kind of help or retraining they need to improve their performance.

Clearly, these and other efforts to introduce the concept of accountability are aimed at improving the effectiveness of the educational process, and as such are to be applauded. As we focus increasingly on pupil performance as a measure of teacher effectiveness, however, it would be easy to forget the complexity of the learning process—that individual children are very different, that they learn different things at different rates, and that even the same child learns at a different rate at different times. If, therefore, the laudable effort to improve classroom practice by assessing teacher and school effectiveness merely results in placing more intense and sophisticated pressure on the children to perform, the very principle will be denied in practice, for if the concept means anything, it is that the ultimate accountability must be to the children. —J. C.

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NEW BEAT IN THE HEART OF DIXIE

by PETER SCHRAG

—Marshal Hagler

TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

The campus of the University of Alabama is an oddly anonymous place. Except for the incessant reminders of Alabama's football prowess—for the moment in decline—the memorable events here go largely unmarked. The central quadrangle on University Avenue, once the heart of the old campus, has been vacant since a contingent of Union troops burned it down at the close of the Civil War; a short distance beyond is the spot—also unmarked—where George C. Wallace, a long seven years ago, stood in the schoolhouse door; and not far beyond that is the campus headquarters of the Army ROTC, where, in May 1970, more than a thousand university students conducted a candlelight vigil in protest against the invasion of Cambodia and the killings at Kent State. It would therefore be ironic—although it is not inconceivable—if at some future date this campus would be remembered as one of the places where a revolution had begun.

It is an unlikely spot for bronze markers or marble plaques, and even more unlikely as a place where social upheavals might be expected to originate. This campus has no Telegraph Avenue, no Harvard Square, no Marcuse, no Savio, no Rudd, no Rubin; its traditions are more visibly enshrined in the photo-murals of bowl games outside coach Paul "Bear" Bryant's office than they are in intellectual distinction or social reform. And yet, for reasons that may be special to the South, and perhaps special even to Alabama, this university seems, somehow, to have as many possibilities—or perhaps as much chance to use its possibilities—as any university in America.

By all normal criteria, the University of Alabama is a place that lacks almost everything that the pointy heads use to evaluate institutions of higher learning; there is no big-time research, no center for advanced study, no corps of internationally known resident geniuses. This is not a Distinguished University. But I like it better than most of the places that are far out of its league.

The response to this place cannot possibly be objective in any conventional sense; it must be more subtle, more personal, more burdened with risk. The judgments one makes are judgments about a region, about individuals, about place, and about the inadequate standards that most of us used a decade ago to distinguish such things as "progress," "intelligence," and institutional distinction. Thus you think about people like David Mathews, the thirty-five-year-old president—and one of the youngest college presidents in America—who is somehow trying to

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invent a future not only for this university but for his state and region; about Jay Murphy, a professor of law, who, over more than a decade, represented one of the few voices of reason and decency in a state that all but drove decency underground; and about students and young graduates whose loyalty to place and region has enabled them to resist the disenchantment and cynicism that drive more sophisticated ex-activists into corners of ineffectiveness and frustration. Most of all you think about Alabama itself as a place that may still have serious alternatives about its future; a state not yet locked into those forms of modernity that make this moment of history appear so bleak.

The hard evidence in Tuscaloosa tells almost nothing: 15,000 students, 300 of them black, and nearly all of them from the South; a faculty of 800, depending on how you count, most of them teaching by the most traditional lecture-textbook methods; a menu of curriculums, schools, courses, and programs unlikely to make intellectual headlines even in the most tolerant of journals; and the usual Southern cacophony of football, fraternities, sororities, homecoming queens, social apathy, and small-town bourgeois ambition.

Tuscaloosa is no hotbed of racism; George Wallace is not their boy; he is too crude and direct for their task. Last spring students here heckled him off the stage, leading him to vow that he would come back "to finish that speech." (Three years ago they also packed the field house to hear and cheer Bobby Kennedy.) But neither is the university—despite its growing programs in social work and government research—an institution officially committed to progressivism and radical reform. Mathews is a *sotto voce* liberal, but his official pronouncements are generally oriented, as he once said, to a view of the university "as the meeting place of state and nation, of black with white, of poverty with affluence, of authoritarianism with anarchy, of the powerless with the powerful, of agrarianism with technology, of idealism with experience, of rhetoric with action." The most notorious moments in the university's recent history have not come when the university did something (except in football) but when someone else did something to it. It is still—with some exceptions—an importer and not an originator of ideas.

The real presence here, of course, is the South, and the lingering dilemma—despite the new winds of moderation, even in George Wallace's current administration—is race. In that context Tuscaloosa stands like a beacon to a small but growing number of Alabamians for whom this place and its people represent change and alternatives. It is the kind of place where pants suits and blue jeans are no longer an aberration, where kids—students, ex-students, and near-students—can publish and distribute an underground newspaper without harassment from the town fathers or the university administration, where the local citizenry tolerates black skins, long hair, and Levis, and where people such as William Kunstler, attorney for the Chicago Seven, and Madaline Murray O'Hair, the professional atheist, can find platforms.

Mathews and most of his fellow administrators, moreover, are young men talking change and academic development, reflecting on the strengths of Southern populism and its value to the state and university, and thinking about ways that this institution can serve the South without following the institutionally and politically inappropriate paths of Northern state universities. At the same time, they are cautious, conservative men who are no longer certain which way the wind is blowing, who know that something has gone wrong with conventional American liberalism, and who seem to feel, as Mathews says, that there is no profit in "two yards and a cloud of dust." The University of Alabama has never moved against its segregated fraternitities and sororities; it still rents a piece of college property to a private all-white academy; it refused to criticize the fury of the Tuscaloosa police in last spring's student demonstrations; it has hired the former chief of the Alabama state troopers as "Special Assistant to the President for Community Relations"; it tolerated the appearances of Kunstler and O'Hair but refused to allow Abbie Hoffman to speak; it has patronized liberal and activist students as irresponsible; and it has been slow to provide compensatory education for the graduates of black Alabama high schools. There is a lot of talk about possibilities but no clear sense—at least not yet—of what the possibilities are.

—Andy Russell, University of Alabama

". . . the usual Southern cacophony . . ."

The issues here are not the New South against the Old South or moderation against racism. The New South is like motherhood and apple pie, but

—University of Alabama

The majority of students are socially passive and/or conservative, and fraternities and sororities still strongly influence campus politics.

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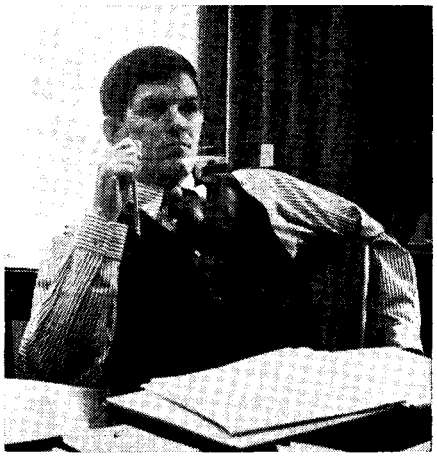

David Mathews—". . . conscious of limitations, dangers, and pitfalls."

"Football remains a factor of gigantic proportions, and coach Bear Bryant a figure of unlimited connections."

the brands vary and the immense complexity of the region—its ambiguities, its tensions, and its barely submerged tendencies toward direct action and violence—gives every problem dimensions that transcend normal considerations of academic administration and social development. Against the conventional New South of industry, suburbs, country clubs, and the more polite forms of racism and discrimination there remain the untested possibilities of the old populism, the irreverence, the egalitarianism, and the suspicion of all large institutions that comprise (alongside racial fear) the basis of George Wallace's appeal. Against the decorous moderation of people like Albert Brewer, who succeeded the late Lurleen Wallace as governor (and was defeated by George in the last election), there are more radical dreams of a rising tide of underclass sentiment—black and white—against banks, utilities, and corporate power.

There are serious reformers in Alabama—young civil rights lawyers, student activists, and a handful of academic liberals—who consider Brewer more dangerous than Wallace and who believe that the former governor's cozy relations with the state's corporations and institutions (among them the university) were likely to be far more deleterious to the state and, in the long run, to higher education than Wallace's populism and his lately muted racism. "Brewer," wrote a civil rights lawyer, "represented Alabama's rising middle class, and his campaign was financed by the urban ruling elite. Utilities, banks, and big industries [favored] Brewer so they could all make more money. . . . Brewer may say 'nigra' instead of 'nigger,' but he hates black folks all the same."

In his previous term as governor (1963-67) Wallace treated the university budget relatively well, but the administrators in Tuscaloosa are now visibly apprehensive that the Governor—perhaps in pursuit of Presidential aspirations—will try to make political capital out of confrontations with students. Since the university's Board of Trustees is a self-perpetuating body not subject to appointment by the Governor, the administration is politically secure, but its budget is not, and there is a growing fear, reinforced by Wallace's own remarks, that he will shift resources from the university to the state colleges, technical schools, and junior colleges that he and Lurleen helped establish in the Sixties. Under those apprehensions lies the realization that, as David Mathews said, the university is a Bourbon institution catering largely to the state's established middle class and not to the first-generation sons and daughters of share-croppers, mill hands, and textile workers. Its constituency, by and large, tends to be Brewer's and not Wallace's.

The University of Alabama has always been laced deeply into the state's political and economic structure. The majority of Alabama's lawyers, businessmen, and politicians, Wallace among them, are alumni, and the loyalties they hold—compounded by the phenomenal popularity of Bear Bryant and his football teams—make this institution a special place, a place apart, but also the center within. Simultaneously, these loyalties also give the people at Tuscaloosa, and at the newer campuses in Huntsville and Birmingham, considerable influence over the state and its future. (That the state of Alabama was recently rated lowest among the fifty states in legislative performance is more a measure of what the university used to be than of its aspirations.) Student government here is regarded, with some justification, as one of the most likely launching stages for a career in Alabama politics, and so the annual campaign for SGA president, despite the impotence of the student government itself, is not an affair to be taken lightly. What is more important, however (and difficult to explain to anyone who has never seen or felt it), is that in these parts every man has the soul of a politician. Out of season the obvious signs of political activity disappear, but the spirit remains: State politicians, administration politicians, fraternity politicians, legislators of the student government, presidents of Pan-Hellenic and the Associated Women Students, Baptist Student Union officers, wheelers and dealers of all descriptions make this place fairly ooze and crawl with political cunning. It is not that politics is a constant preoccupation, but that it is a way of thinking and a style of life. A man is always personable; he will reflect for hours, answer questions, talk about his granddaddy, and tell good old stories, but what he does with every breath—and without conscious effort—is to Calculate the Possibilities, measure the chances, and add up the votes. If this university has a core curriculum it is politics; Southern charm and Southern politics have always been brewed together, and often it is impossible to tell one from the other. Almost everything that happens in Tuscaloosa has a political dimension.

Given the currents now flowing in the South, David Mathews's description of the university as a meeting place is hardly surprising. Everything does run together here—the old and new, the violent and pacifist, the radical and reactionary, the turned-on and the apathetic. The majority of the Tuscaloosa students are socially passive and/or conservative and intellectually uninspired. The most talented graduates of Alabama high schools do not come here at all; they flee the state to Duke or Vanderbilt or Emory or, if they can get there, the Ivy League. For most of those who do come this is a place to

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make connections or start a career or find a husband or simply to have a good old time. Twenty per cent of them belong to fraternities and sororities (which, while they buy their marijuana by the pound, still exploit their black servants and still exert a disproportionate influence on campus politics); few of them read anything deeper than *Playboy* or *Cosmo* or *Modern Bride* or discuss anything with as much passion as they do football. ("Beware," says the bumper sticker, "I'm a friend of the Bear.") Paperback books are a rarity, and the campus bookstore, in the basement of the Alabama Union, obviously does a livelier business in pennants, jewelry, cosmetics, decals, mugs, caps, and assorted trinkets than it does in literature. Most classes, moreover, are hardly designed to shake such people out of their lethargy. The routine is rote and regurgitation played against rows of semi-attentive listeners in straight-backed chairs. There are lists of words to be studied, grades, old notes, and questions like "Explain how and why the United States went to war with Cuba in 1898" and "What was President Monroe's attitude toward interference from outside the hemisphere?" Mathews and some of his young assistants are now trying to loosen the hold of the university's departmental rigor mortis, to attract livelier people, and to start a New College, a small program within the university devoted to independent study, increased student autonomy, and off-campus programs. But New College (which they hope will shake up the departments through example and competition) is still more dream than reality and more rhetoric than a force for change.

The black students stick to themselves. There are a few interracial friendships—and none of the open hostility of five years ago—but, as at Northern universities, for the most part the races don't mix. "It's hard," said a black coed, "to level with whites. They can't handle it, and they ask some really stupid questions. I've got an Angela Davis poster on the wall of my room in the dormitory, so they ask me whether I'm a Panther. They want you to dance for them and to teach them the new steps." There is an Afro-American Association here, and, although it sponsors a breakfast program for black ghetto children in Tuscaloosa, it tends to be disorganized (it has two presidents) and more concerned, at least for the moment, with the social life of its members. For the most part, moreover, the black students at Alabama have the same bourgeois ambitions as their white counterparts; they are not radicals.

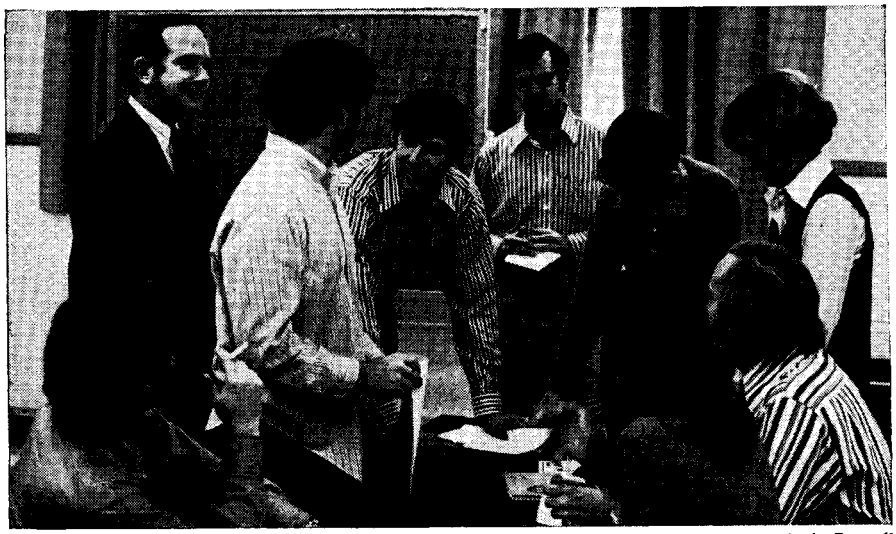
And yet there are other signs and other considerations. If we have learned anything in the last decade we have learned to feel ambivalent about the moment when the Atomic Energy Commission and the Defense Department move in with their reactors and cyclotrons and the football coaches move out. We have learned that counting Nobel laureates, research dollars, and National Merit finalists is not necessarily an indication of anything except the bias of the people who are doing the counting. We have learned, in other words, to be tentative in our judgments about the criteria for a Good University and the conditions under which Significant Things Happen on campus. In Tuscaloosa, alongside the academic fossils (and, to be fair, the occasional moments of exciting instruction) there exist a growing number of freaks, activists, intellectuals, and dissenters with sufficient visibility to make an impact. You see them at Ed Still's Paperback Book Shop, where you can buy Hermann Hesse, *The Great Speckled Bird*, and *Rolling Stone*; in the Supe Store, which is a cafeteria in the Union, and around the student apartments just west of the campus—drug freaks, music freaks, media freaks, organic food freaks, organizers of the moratorium, a few black militants, some converts from Carl Hess-Barry Goldwater-Ayn Rand libertarianism, and a handful of Vietnam veterans trying to forget the brutality of the past. What is surprising is not that there are so few, or that they are now divided and despondent—the despondency, after all, is national—but that Alabama high schools produce them and that they can survive in a society which has not yet fully outlived the Klan and in which most expressions of liberalism and dissent are, of necessity, more than idle gestures. To be a radical or a longhair in New York or Berkeley is to be part of the back-

(*Continued on page* 57)

—*Andy Russell*

—*Marshal Hagler*

Community work of the home economics department (left), Afro-American Association breakfast program (right), and a lively political science class.



—*Andy Russell*

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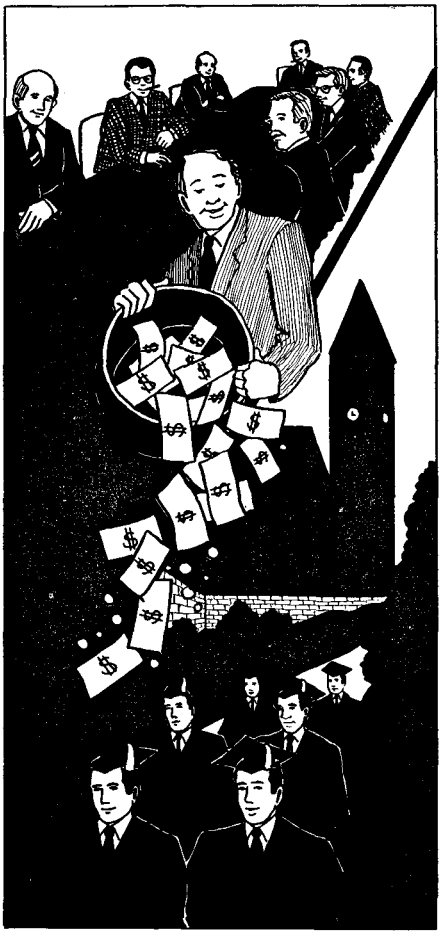
The Board Room and the Campus



by JAMES CASS

In this period of business recession and widespread public concern with campus unrest, an unusual program to guarantee increased corporate support for the nation's colleges and universities continues to flourish and expand. The unique Corporate 1% Program for Higher Education was initiated a decade ago when a group of Cleveland businessmen launched an informal campaign to raise the level of local corporate support for higher education. Popularly known as the Cleveland Compact, the program has expanded gradually over the years and, in 1968, began to reach out to encourage heads of corporations in other parts of the country to set up similar programs.

The terms of the compact are simple. Participating companies commit themselves to raise their contributions to higher education, as rapidly as possible, to a minimum of 1 per cent of net income before taxes. These contributions are made directly by the company to the colleges and universities of its choice.

Eighteen chief executive officers of locally based corporations signed the original Cleveland Compact in January 1961. Since then the number of participating companies has risen to thirty-nine, and their contributions to higher education grew from slightly more than $2-million in 1961 to nearly $7-million in 1969, representing 0.93 per cent of the participating companies' taxable income for the year. (This annual percentage varies slightly since new participants in the program typically take three to five years to reach the 1 per cent level, and annual net income for some firms fluctuates more widely than their contributions.)

The program was chartered as a nonprofit organization in April 1968 to provide a base from which to stimulate similar effort across the country. The national organization is financed by a five-year grant of $50,000 annually from the Ford Foundation, matched by gifts from its trustees and the member companies of the Cleveland group. Under the direction of Kneeland Nunan, former college professor, businessman, and Defense Department executive, the program has expanded slowly but steadily. During its first two years, the national organization adopted Nunan's own determinedly low-key but effectively persuasive style with gratifying results. A fledgling program in Tennessee, patterned after the Cleveland Compact, more than doubled in size; a flourishing program began operating in Florida; a new program was well launched in California; and the Cleveland group added ten new members. Under current development are new programs in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia, and the Cleveland group has organized a drive to double its membership in the northern Ohio area. Today more than 100 corporations, with taxable income of $1.2-billion, are participating in the program.

Member firms of the Corporate 1% Program, of course, represent but a small fraction of all the corporate supporters of higher education in the country. Total contributions from business and industry come to an estimated $350-million annually. But the rate at which corporations generally give is about one-third of 1 per cent. Therefore, the program's objective is to raise the rate of giving to 1 per cent and the total corporate contribution to higher education to $1-billion annually.

But even as the national program moves toward its ultimate goal, a number of basic questions arise: Why do they do it? Where does the money go? What effect does the money have on the institutions that receive it? Are there strings attached?

Responses to such questions by a group of Cleveland corporation heads who are leaders in the 1% Program are remarkably consistent. The dominant theme is self-interest and a flat denial of any do-gooding impulse. "We draw professional and management personnel from these institutions," Jacob B. Perkins, president of the Hill Acme Company, points out, "and we

Cleveland 1% Plan for Higher Education

YEAR	Corporate Contributions to Higher Education	Net Income of Companies Before Federal Income Taxes	Per Cent Contributions to Higher Education
1960	$1,726,127	$207,197,693	.83%
1961	2,060,430	205,291,189	1.00
1962	2,325,738	213,647,517	1.09
1963	2,466,417	295,667,076	.83
1964	3,177,887	364,684,253	.87
1965	3,793,865	452,044,287	.84
1966	4,297,319	566,165,323	.76
1967	5,132,769	552,840,049	.93
1968	5,963,681	672,372,391	.89
1969	6,864,337	741,155,023	.93

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call on them for consulting purposes. We have a stake in education. When we give money to them, we're making an investment in the future—an investment in our own company."

Coupled with the investment-in-the-future theme is a recurrent concern for the survival of the private sector in higher education—an almost romantic conception of the academy, dominated by neither the federal government nor industry, and pursuing its own goals as it provides the knowledge and skilled personnel required by our technological society.

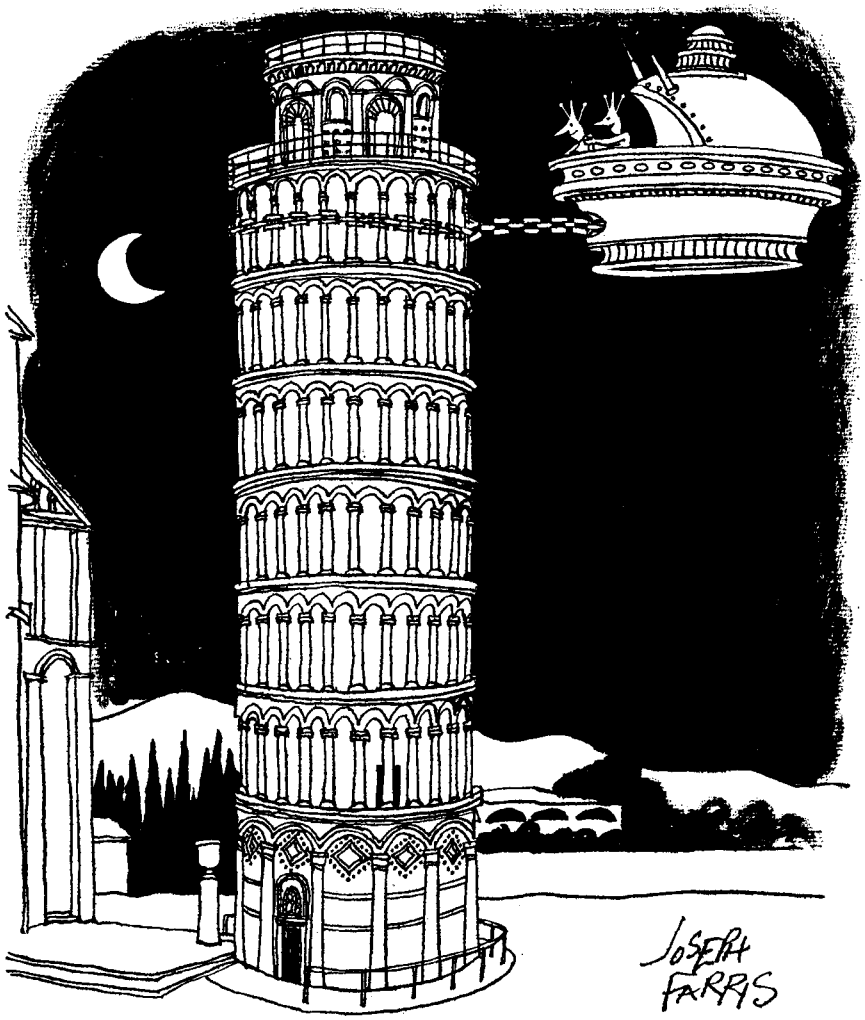
But if the view of higher education is tinged by romantic nostalgia, the realities of financing colleges and universities are not. "Let's face it," Kent H. Smith, a founder of the Lubrizol Company and vice chairman of the national program, says, "as taxpayers, we're going to have to pay for higher education one way or another, and it will be a lot more expensive for industry if we leave it to the federal government. This way [through tax deductions] we make government a partner in our giving."

Where the money goes is harder to pin down—each corporation establishes its own pattern of giving. Many contribute to local area institutions and to the Independent College Funds of America. Some support special university research programs related to their business interests, others provide general operating support for a wide range of institutions—including, occasionally, women's colleges. In general, however, most concern is expressed for the survival of the nation's "best" private institutions, the leading scientific and engineering schools—possibly reflecting the Ivy League and Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration background of many of Cleveland's corporate executives. An exception, however, is Charles E. Spahr, chairman of the Standard Oil Company (Ohio) and a graduate of the University of Kansas (as well as the Harvard Business School), whose firm provides support not only for leading universities in the North but also for a number of schools in the South, including some black colleges. Nevertheless, he speaks for many of his colleagues when he says, "Probably not all private institutions will survive—and probably not all of them should."

The impact of corporate giving is even more difficult to assess. Although corporate executives typically have strong convictions about necessary reform in university administration—firmer administrative policies, clearer lines of authority and responsibility in decision-making, curriculum reform, etc.—there is no evidence that their influence goes beyond that of respected friend and sometimes colleague. (Many members of the program are board chairmen or trustees of colleges or universities.) Probably E. Colin Baldwin, chairman of the Sherwin-Williams Company and a recent convert to the program, is accurate in his statement that "corporate giving is so fragmented that no one company can really exert much leverage on any one campus."

The national program is headed up by gruff George S. Dively, chairman of Harris-Intertype Corporation and one of the three moving spirits behind the original Cleveland Compact. He has probably contributed as much as any one person to the success of the program, and his hard-nosed attitude toward corporate giving pervades the organization. The objectives of the program are quite clear in his mind—and they don't include a public-relations approach to corporate image building. "In a program of this kind," he says, "you need an annual audit [of member companies' contributions] to keep the crap out of it."

It is clear that the 1% Program is a major effort of the business community to build a corporate-sponsored financial floor under higher education—especially private higher education. It is not surprising that during the early years many members of the program focused their giving on the more prestigious universities and top-flight scientific and engineering schools. But as the program expands, more attention should be given to the crucial role of the nation's private liberal arts colleges—including black colleges—in educating society's future leaders. Many of these institutions are fighting for survival at the very time that the program is expanding, and they merit corporate support. To be sure, the program does not promise to solve all of the problems—financial or educational—of the nation's higher-education enterprise. It has, however, made a substantial contribution to the health and strength of that enterprise and promises to play an even more significant role in the future. (The national office of the Corporate 1% Program is located at 700 National City Bank Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.)



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Schools Make News

Liberating Academe

A MASSIVE PATTERN of discrimination against women in the academic community has emerged from recent findings of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW), the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), and national academic associations, as well as from studies by Women's Liberation groups. In general, the higher the professional rank and the greater the institutional prestige, the greater the likelihood of discrimination against women. At large prestigious universities, the percentage of women faculty members averages less than 10 per cent, while at small four-year and two-year colleges, women comprise up to 40 per cent of the faculty. Nationwide, including all kinds of institutions, women comprise only 8 per cent of the full professors, 15 per cent of the associate professors, and 19 per cent of the assistant professors.

These data, compiled by the Women's Equity Action League (WEAL), a Cleveland-based organization of professional women, are corroborated by studies done by such professional groups as the Modern Language Association of America and individual chapters of the AAUP. The discrimination is so blatant that HEW has demanded that more than 100 colleges and universities file, under threat of losing all federal contracts, affirmative action plans to end it. Federal equal employment opportunity guidelines prohibit discrimination by sex as well as by race.

—Roger W. Archibald, Cornell Daily Sun

Cornell's Women's Festival last month is one instance of increasing activism.

Charges against 245 institutions, including the entire university systems of New York City, New York State, and California, have been presented to HEW in the past year through the auspices of WEAL. HEW, with a limited staff, has moved as fast as possible but has not yet caught up.

Meanwhile, women's caucuses have been established within most of the national professional associations, the AAUP has reactivated its Committee W (on women) for the first time since 1928, the National Association of Women Deans and Counsellors is planning to deal with the demands of contract compliance when it meets at the end of this month, and college and university administrations are establishing or reactivating committees on the status of women to oversee the implementation of the affirmative action plans for HEW.

The chief areas of concern in contract compliance at the moment are hiring and promotion practices and salary differentials for both academic and non-academic women. At the University of Michigan, the files on all women are being reviewed to determine who failed to be promoted or to receive salary increases because of sex discrimination, and how much compensation is due them. At the University of Pittsburgh, qualified women in clerical and low administrative positions are to be encouraged to seek advancement. At the University of Minnesota, a central roster of open faculty positions has been drawn up, and a high-ranking administrator has urged deans and department heads to advertise faculty openings on a more open basis than the traditional grapevine, which shuts out blacks as well as women.

Most institutions have cooperated with their women's committees in drawing up action plans and providing data. But Harvard—whose Faculty of Arts and Sciences, totaling 750 members, includes fifteen women, two of whom are tenured professors—refused to work with the Committee on the Status of Women and would not disclose, publicly or privately, to the committee the details of the plan it had submitted to HEW.

Institutions also are abolishing nepotism rules, which forbid the hiring of both husband and wife, loosening up tenure rules to allow women maternity leaves without penalty, seeking funds for day-care centers, and increasing the possibilities for part-time graduate study and part-time faculty positions on the academic ladder.

Up from Isolation

FOUR YEARS AGO, Christopher Jencks and David Riesman in *The Academic Revolution* termed most Negro colleges "academic disaster areas . . . the products of white supremacy and segregation" and said that "many Negro undergraduates would be better off in an integrated college." Yet today, responding to the movement toward black pride and "cultural nationalism," black colleges have become more assertive, less self-effacing, and less content to accept their positions as poor copies of white institutions.

From Isolation to Mainstream, a report released last month from the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, acknowledged the unique role black colleges can play in the transition to an integrated society and called for a tripling of federal aid to strengthen them. Pointing out their difficulties, the report nevertheless called the 105 black colleges a "national asset" and projected a doubling of their enrollment to 300,000 by 1980.

Black colleges, the report said, can be of special service to their Southern communities. They can assume leadership in "outreach" programs, interest black youths in higher education, and develop programs to retrain black adults for new occupations. They can take the lead in planning compensatory education programs for the disadvantaged and encourage state and local education boards to upgrade the quality of college preparatory work offered to blacks in Southern high schools. Black colleges can also act as national centers for the growing study of Afro-American history, tradition, arts, and literature.

To enter the mainstream of higher education, black colleges, traditionally specializing in teacher training (because it was one of the few professions open to Negroes), must greatly expand their curriculums to include both liberal arts and vocational training as new career opportunities are made available to blacks. Salaries for faculty should be more on a par with those for white institutions. To achieve these reforms and to provide the high cost of scholarship aid required at black schools, where 70 per cent of the students now get financial aid, the commission recommended that black colleges should receive some $356-million from the federal government and greatly increased support from

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businesses and foundations. (*From Isolation to Mainstream* is available from the McGraw-Hill Book Company, Hightstown, New Jersey 08520, for $1.95.)

Opening the Ivory Tower

THREE NEW PROGRAMS advanced last month challenge traditional assumptions about higher education—that it should be a formal four-year experience immediately after high school, located on a fixed campus with a fixed clientele, the young. Instead these experiments, if successful, would blur distinctions between the universities and the professions, allow fully employed adults to work for college degrees at home, remove the stigma of "dropping out," and make learning a life-long pursuit to which people could return at any period of their lives.

In New York State, the Board of Regents will award college degrees to anyone who can pass a series of qualifying examinations. In a credential-conscious society, the external degree will provide formal recognition for learning achieved on the job, or through television and reading. The first "Regents degrees" (bachelor of business administration and associate of arts) are expected to be offered in 1972.

A second external degree program in New York announced last month will set up a new non-residential college within the State University of New York to enable people, especially those between twenty-five and thirty-five, to work for a degree at home. Adults in full-time employment, housewives, ex-GIs, and others who never had the time or money to spend four years on a campus will be eligible on a first-come basis. Regional learning centers across the state will provide counseling and tutorial services, and individual programs will be pursued through correspondence lessons, television, and occasional seminars at one or more of the state university's sixty-nine campuses. The new university, funded by a $1-million joint grant from the Ford Foundation and Carnegie Corporation, is scheduled to begin during the 1971-72 academic year. (For further information write: Non-residential College, Box 6096, Albany, New York 12206.)

Nationally, nineteen colleges and universities have joined to form a "University Without Walls," which will offer credit for such off-campus activities as government and business internships, VISTA, travel abroad, and independent study. People of all ages will be eligible. Typically, a forty-five-year-old bank teller who was interested in urban development could enter an institution and be assigned to work for his city planning board, attend evening seminars at the University of the Pacific, and enter the Peace Corps to work with a South American city planning department—all for his degree.

—*Wide World*

Ewald B. Nyquist, New York Education Commissioner, announced external degrees.

The "University Without Walls," currently funded at $815,000 with grants from the Office of Education and the Ford Foundation, is administered by the Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities (Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387).

New Seeds

ALTERNATIVE SCHOOLS are developing quite an informal communications network. To add to the innumerable newsletters and half-dozen magazines that have been launched in the last two years is a new publication, *Outside the Net* (P.O. Box 184, Lansing, Michigan). The new quarterly, whose first issue appeared in December, aims to analyze the schools and media and their relationships to society, to explore alternative educational life-styles, and to serve as a link to the underground press and Liberation News Service. Its staff holds "liberal-to-radical social attitudes" but welcomes contributions from all viewpoints.

In addition, George Dennison, Paul Goodman, Nat Hentoff, John Holt, and Jonathan Kozol, Dutch uncles of the free-school movement, are sponsoring a New Nation Seed Fund (Box 4026, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) to help free schools get started and existing ones stay alive. The fund will be a collection of small donations—$1, 50 cents, a quarter—from kids, parents, teachers, and anyone else concerned with alternative education.

Private Institutions in Jeopardy

THE FINANCIAL worries of the nation's colleges and universities, especially private institutions, have been much in the news in recent months. Many, faced with rising budget deficits and threats of fiscal bankruptcy, are adopting strict economy measures—smaller faculty salary increases, a freeze on vacant teaching positions, and cuts in academic programs and student enrollments.

Princeton, with a possible $5.5-million deficit next year, is raising tuition costs for the fourth straight year by $300 and cutting its staff of 3,200 by 100 people. Similarly, Yale is raising its combined charges for tuition, room and board from $3,900 to $4,400, has halted indefinitely construction of a ten-story building for surgery and obstetrics, and has proposed a new deferred tuition plan to help students meet the higher costs. As pressures have mounted, some smaller colleges have closed.

Colleges and universities are not the only private institutions beset by deepening financial problems, however. Last month Alan Pifer, president of the Carnegie Corporation, raised some fundamental questions about private institutions in general and their continued viability in American society.

"The issue," said Pifer in "The Jeopardy of Private Institutions," the introduction to the corporation's 1970 annual report, "is whether the majority of our citizens still see special merit in retention of a combined public/private system, or whether substantial numbers would now, for varying reasons, be quite content to see private institutions handed over to public control." Speaking not only of private universities, but of voluntary hospitals, museums, orchestras, libraries, and welfare agencies, Pifer warned that they may be the victims of the conflicting interests and fears of a troubled society. He named four groups, comprising a substantial portion of the society, who represent a growing public distrust of private institutions: Americans alienated from society because of poverty, discrimination, or disillusionment, who view such institutions as part of the status quo; conservatives who consider them—especially universities and colleges—too "liberal"; those who maintain a populist distrust of private institutions and associate them with wealth and privilege; and a vast number who are indifferent or unaware of what these institutions provide.

The private sector provides diversity, free choice, and a place for new and unconventional ideas and organizations, said Pifer. To keep the shared responsibility between the public and private, he urged radical revision of the tax laws to encourage philanthropy and indirect subsidies to private institutions by government, such as government scholarship programs for college students.

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Divided They Stood

AMERICAN EDUCATION: The Colonial Experience

by Lawrence A. Cremin

Harper and Row, 688 pp., $15

Reviewed by Theodore R. Sizer

What messages for policy-makers are revealed by Lawrence Cremin's new history of American colonial education?

• That many institutions besides the school deliberately "educate," and that the impact of each of these waxes and wanes over time. Family, church, school, college, the press, and "the community," particularly in its political aspects, all affect men in a systematic way. Those today who wish to use education to improve the quality of life must consider all these agencies, the form of their particular impact at given points in time, and how their interrelationship meshes and clashes.

• That there is strength in institutional diversity. Yeasty development of new and appropriate educational structures emerges from a mixture of sloppiness, tradition, and pragmatism. There are serious risks in an open, unregulated system, risks of harm to children, nuisances of varying standards, annoyances due to a lack of order. But practices that reward diversity allow for the birth and rebirth of institutions that are closely related to the needs of groups in a society, whether these needs be economic, psychological, or spiritual. Standardization and homogenization are recipes for minimal quality, but they are recipes also for rigidity and unresponsiveness. Failure to allow diversity may foreclose the likelihood of socially useful institutions in the future.

• That all societies crave order, and that education is an effective agency to assert it. Man is a fearful beast and wishes to know the parameters of his existence. When in doubt, he wants these set out for him; the more hostile and ambiguous man's situation is, the more eager he is to accept assertions of order and to teach them. Construals of order, the "shape" of his reality, need not be wholly rational. They need only to speak to his fears and not to clash too obviously with that portion of his life over which he has control. Education must reassure a man about those things that he doesn't understand but not impede—and rather even help—his effort to succeed when he has mastery. If education thus results in half-truths, so be it. It may be better to inspire people with a benign and humane mythology than to dismiss their fears with glinty rationalism.

Lawrence A. Cremin—history for the public policy-maker.

Most historians, of course, do not write to "inform policy-makers." They write to illumine the past and to chronicle and explain man's development over a period of time. Most write as social pathologists, because they are fascinated by unfolding human behavior. They merely seek to *understand*, not to affect the future.

Cremin, in this first volume of his massive scholarly history of American education, implies a middle ground. He wants to understand, to explain, and to assess the impact of education on American society. But he also wants us to heed the lessons of that understanding and to be guided by them in "public policy-making," as he puts it. He does not want to write another self-fulfilling paean about education in the manner of Cubberley, nor does he want to lose the message of the past for the present.

The present volume is a partial success, a better history than a guide for the future. Its approach was foreseen in Bernard Bailyn's *Education in the Forming of American Society* (1960) and Cremin's *The Wonderful World of Ellwood Patterson Cubberley* (1965), essays that mark a turning in the historiography of American education. Education is conceived there, and in this new volume, as much more than schooling, "the deliberate, systematic, and sustained effort to transmit or evoke knowledge, attitudes, values, skills, and sensibilities." This construal is "more limited than what the anthropologist would call enculturation." but certainly broader than formal teaching. The key words are deliberate, systematic, and sustained.

Within this definition, Cremin sweeps in two jumps from 1607 to 1783, showing how the colonies moved from an ecclesiastical to a secular education, from fear to confidence. His style is primarily biographical. An idea or trend or event is cited but quickly explained through a focus on an individual: Erasmus, More, Locke, Mather, Edwards, Franklin, Jefferson. The book becomes a history of men with ideas, and places great emphasis on the vitality of seventeenth-century England. "The North American colonies were settled in the main by one of the most literate societies of the West during a peak period in its cultural development." This biographical style puts flesh on the chronicle but risks distortion by its necessary emphasis on literate men. The influence of the uncouth pioneer is necessarily left to speculation. A few men—Erasmus, Locke, Franklin—tower in Cremin's story.

But that is a historian's argument. Cremin's theme for the "public policy-maker" is more obscure, as it has been left implicit, though perhaps Volume III will correct this fault. Above all, the message from the early American years is the importance of seeing "the deliberate, systematic, and sustained" effort that is education across several key institutions. Despite the fact that the idea of education-as-more-than-schooling is a cliché, we don't act upon it—yet, our forebears did. Colonial policy explicitly saw the reciprocal responsibilities of family, church, apprentice's shop, and school, and the much-quoted New England school legislation must be seen in this light. When one of these agencies weakened in its effectiveness, either it was shored up (with laws enjoining families and apprentices' masters to provide training) or other mechanisms were developed to fill its role (academies and private venture schools providing kinds of training earlier carried by apprenticeship or within the extended family). As Bailyn had surmised, Cremin finds the late-seventeenth-century family to be the most flexible educating institution, adaptable to the new pressures of the colonial environment:

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". . . the family, for all its commitment to disciplining, civilizing, and spiritualizing children, managed within a single generation to work out and regularize new attitudes and behavior and to transmit these orally to the young. In effect, the colonial family became the critical agency for institutionalizing change—for nurturing the versatility, the flexibility, and the pragmatism so vital to the successful transplantation and modification of metropolitan institutions." The family taught new ideas; the family was, in its way, the most revolutionary educating medium.

How many current policy-makers see either the rapid changes in American family structures or the social mechanisms available to affect family living as primarily *educational* issues? One can think of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and few others; Moynihan's Family Assistance proposal may be the most important piece of educational legislation presently before Congress. Families without fear of hunger (we now have thousands near starvation); families with fathers at home (some current laws bring more financial relief if fathers abandon wives and children); families with financial options, and not at the degrading mercy of categorical programs and their administrators: these could change the life of low-income Americans—and fundamentally change the education of their children. Yet, who in the education Establishment (except Moynihan) has made these points on educational grounds?

Educational policy-makers must inevitably consider the effects on children's learning of the growing psychological and economic freedom of their mothers, and of the implications of accessible birth-control methods and legal abortion. Small families probably raise children with different attitudes than do large ones. There are educational implications here.

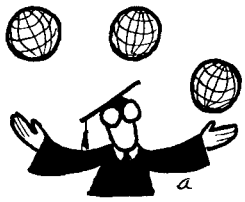
While Cremin does not embellish this theme, the primary role of the family in shaping colonial education emerges from his study. For a set of reasons even more complex than those obtained in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, our time finds a revolution of equal proportions under way within parental structures. Perhaps these will have an impact on American education as profound as their predecessors.

The family, however important, is but one educating agency. The book and the newspaper had, Cremin shows, immense influence on colonial education. They, and experience, were the basis of the self-education that was most highly prized. "For Jefferson as for Franklin, self-education in the arena of life was of the essence." More than 90 per cent of inner-city homes today have television sets, and they are in use, on the average, over fifty hours a week. The three networks may be the principal social educators of our time, getting more hours of a child's undivided attention than any other agency, save parents and siblings. The school wanes in comparison. Yet, which educators see television as their domain? Who see the medium as a partner in learning, to be both co-opted and guarded against? The facts are that the television medium today is seen by most as "entertainment," while in fact it is profoundly *teaching*. Jefferson saw beyond schools to the educating influence of the press and politics. Cremin demonstrates the extent of his wisdom, of the power of the press even in a day of limited communication. Most current educators completely miss Jefferson's—and Cremin's—point.

Cremin fully describes the incredible diversity of schools and colleges that proliferated in the colonies. Time and again, he stresses that generalization is almost impossible, that forms and purposes and standards of institutions were widely varied. Orderly educators and early historians have characterized this variety as weakness, a lack of assurance about a "correct" educational pattern. There were no "standards," and both children and schoolmasters were often cheated. There was no "system." Cremin shows as clearly as did his predecessors how chaotic the situation was, but he also shows how supple free educating conditions can be. The colonials borrowed but then altered European models, and the transition was accomplished with a minimum of turmoil (what there was was largely ecclesiastical) and a maximum of responsiveness.

Current "public policy-makers" are almost universally the victims of Cubberley's myth about the glory of the unitary American public school system. For most contemporary leaders, there must be *one* system, to "bring us together." They fail to see how effectively colonial Americans, with only rudimentary technology, brought a much more disparate population together with a flexible, varied, almost chaotic "system" of schools, one that was functionally related to other educating institutions. The very suggestion in our day of "alternatives" to public schools is radical; some notably moderate schemes that might allow for some diversity, such as the use of vouchers, are considered treasonous. The only reassuring note in the persistence of the Cubberley thesis is the apparent effect his book and the college courses expounding it have had. Educators clearly have been affected by their history lessons. Perhaps the Cremin thesis (particularly if he eventually makes it explicit) can have a similar and less rigidifying effect.

The church played a central role in colonial education, and much of the vitality of institution building was due to various theological arguments. Other secular ideas merged with this tradition to create an optimistic ideology that unleashed remarkable energy, imagination, and talent. On the eve of the Revolutionary War, the Americans' belief was "an optimistic and in many ways messianic commitment, which envisioned America as the new Israel living under a special covenant with God and dedicated to carrying the benefits of the arts and sciences in their highest form to all mankind. It was also a highly utilitarian commitment . . . a peaceful commitment." And an irrational, pretentious commitment, a true mythology. Cremin describes the ideology that permeated colonial education in its several settings but shows how both enervating and distorting such efforts were. The colonist was facing the almost ultimate in "future shock," but he survived due to the shock absorbers provided by religious



and secular ideologies. He coped practically where he could, and accepted messianic myths to protect himself from the unknown. The colonial man without myths would have been defeated; indeed, those who lacked them, such as many of the early Virginian adventurers, were.

It is easy in our cynical day to scoff at heroic ideologies. They are as gossamer as Camelot. Yet, Cremin shows, they are important, indeed crucial, to social survival and human hope. The extrarational and mystical play a critical role in cultural advance. Can contemporary educators properly honor them? Or will the doleful planners with their empirical systems continue to prevail?

Cremin's study adds to the historian's understanding of colonial life. It also, if indirectly, is a plea to those responsible for American education to ponder, for *our* future, the qualities now lost that gave energy and hope to our forebears. That it does so does not make it bad, or distorted, history. Scholarship that does not help us look to the future is but an embellishment to our lives, not a guide. American education needs guides.

Theodore R. Sizer is dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

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THIS BOOK IS ABOUT SCHOOLS

edited by Satu Repo

Pantheon, 457 pp., $7.95

THE RASBERRY EXERCISES: How to Start Your Own School (and make a book)

by Salli Rasberry and Robert Greenway

Freestone Publishing Co., 440 Bohemian Highway, Freestone, California 95472, 125 pp., $3.95

Reviewed by Peter Marin

I like both these books—but somehow less for what they say than for what they are. But how can I explain that clearly? I once knew a girl who described lovemaking as "doing it." She'd grin and say, "Want to do it?" It was a flat and awkward phrase, but it drew and held me. It was unromantic and direct and made lovemaking natural, simple, private, and vaguely illicit. It stripped it down to essentials. Now, reading these two books, I remember that phrase. Both of them talk about "doing it," and, though "it" in this case is school instead of sex, both activities have much in common: They are both intense and intimate, and both seem best when one has gone past rhetoric and pretense into a world of invention that is delightful and profound—and fun too.

This Book Is About Schools is an anthology—one of the best I have seen about education. All of the pieces first appeared in a small inventive Canadian periodical, *This Magazine Is About Schools*. They deal with topics that have become familiar to us through the work of such people as Goodman, Friedenberg, and Holt: the difficulties not only of schooling but of growing up in the Western world; the struggle we make to wrest from the culture some kind of wholeness—or at least a sense of what wholeness is.

What is nice about the anthology is that there are voices here one rarely hears, the people really doing what everyone else writes about: Satu Repo, George Martell, George von Hilsheimer, Bill Ayers, Bob Davis, and so on. What the pieces lack in polished prose or theory they provide through intensity, honesty, and the raw vitality of firsthand experience. The tone is almost personal and subjective. There is an absence of posturing. People aren't talking about large-scale systems or solutions; they are describing their own day-to-day experiences. What speaks from these pages is what I have always liked about Paul Goodman's work: that thin, subjective, often petulant but simple tone; the single voice cutting through all the nonsense about education, speaking anti-heroically about what it is like to be human or real with the young.

It is that quality of "being real," of course, that is at the heart of all our attempts to liberate the young through new schools. Beyond all rhetoric and self-justification, what "free schools" offer is at bottom and best an open space in which to be real (and therefore free). Whatever their varying and haphazard pedagogies, all are rooted in the simple fact that breaking free of the state's schools and enforced external rituals enables us to feel better and face more completely who we are and how we have to live. It is that feeling of release and joy that fills *Rasberry Exercises*. The book is the first to appear that goes into the mechanics of starting a school—a sort of funky contrapuntal accumulation and arrangement of bits and pieces and recurring motifs concerning free schools and their crises and pleasures. It is all held together by a running account of what happened to its authors, Bob Greenway and Salli Rasberry, when they started a school for their own children and a few others. The book is actually more about their own feelings than the hard realities of schools, but it manages to capture both their possibilities and the effects they have on those who run them. As that kind of document the book is sweet, moving, and effective. It is itself a model of what it talks about, an alternative to the dominant cultured modes, and I am more excited about what it *is* than what it says, for it is "counter-cultural" in the best sense of the word: a homegrown enterprise that has become a kind of cottage industry.

Bob and Salli put the book together themselves. They assembled the materials, edited it all, learned graphics and layout, then set up their own company to publish it. Despite offers from large houses, they steadfastly kept it within the family, and they work at it still in their own bedroom, taking orders and shipping books. It has been, put simply, an effort of their own imagination and hands, their own breath. Thus the book is both an event and a process, a way of coping with and escaping the mother culture, and it is—by its very nature—analogous to the free schools it talks about.

That praise brings me round to my brotherly reservations about it—and about *This Book*, too. By now we have begun to realize among ourselves—those of us involved with alternate structures—that building them is a difficult task and that we have not yet learned how to do it. There is really no "counter-culture" yet, nothing with real enough substance to feed or locate us or give us a home. There is, instead, something else: a countering *of* culture that has begun in many places and lives, a learning process of discovering exactly what it will take to liberate ourselves. That learning process itself must become the raw new experience from which we begin to create a way of schooling that both accommodates and illuminates everything that's happening around us in America—the political and cultural pressures and confusion, all the open questions. Without that larger vision it will be too easy for radical schooling to slide back toward a (mere) middle-class alternative, another sweeter way of perpetuating what is, beneath it, the same old system. For that reason, we can no longer afford to evade the intimate connections, only suggested by *This Book*, between education and history, politics and philosophy. All sound learning and doing is a function of *location*, location in time, a way of being, of standing in history. Behind all schooling of larger use lies a definition of what we are and what is happening around us—and without an adequate sense of that, without a definition and location of ourselves, what we do will be useless.

What I mean, put simply, is that by leaving existing institutions we have escaped nothing. We have instead come face to face with history. Limited by our own fears, hampered by old habitual pedagogies, and distracted by technique, hounded sporadically by authorities, each of us in the new schools must decide now how we stand in relation to larger things: how we see ourselves in history, and our comrades, and the future.

Both of these books function as introductions, first steps in that process. The kinds of schooling they describe are merely a beginning. Such schools liberate us from the hold of habit and the state and allow (force) us to face what is real. They are *not* models for the larger system; they are not solutions. They are only the first and incomplete gestures toward the future—and we cannot allow ourselves to stop there, or even where these books stop.

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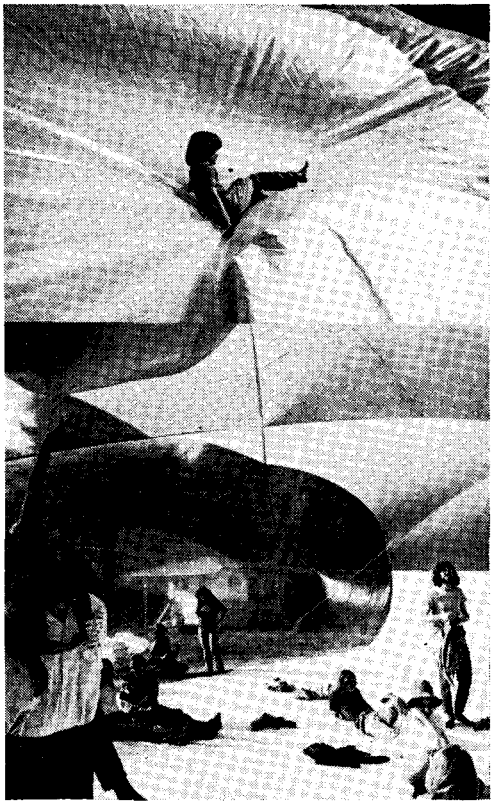

—Joshua Freiwald, from "The Rasberry Exercises"

". . . that feeling of release and joy . . ."

That is what disturbs me most about *Rasberry Exercises*. In the light of the more general essays in *This Book*, it is too prescriptive for my taste—and too romantic. Its romanticism veers away from the hard learning involved in the new schools: the raw confrontation with our own limits and fears that is, even at best, a real and deep confusion when truly entered. Free schools *do* indeed provide us all with moments of pleasure and communion, ecstasy and freedom. They teach us what we can and have the right to be. But they also teach us what we have been and are: how timid, how culture-bound, how controlled, inside, by the institutions we have left. Confronting and breaking with all that is, as always, a function of *praxis*. We are liberated and made brave by doing. But doing, doing *it*, is something that cannot be prescribed. It is too soon for that. We don't know enough. Each group of us must move deeply and uniquely into its own nature, its own community of needs, to find out and define what we are, what needs doing. In its neat hints and clues, *Rasberry Exercises* seems to steer clear of that, to cut short that process too soon. It tells *too much*—and too much that may not be so. It defines too soon what free schools are or should be or what happens there or *ought* to happen.

It is all, of course, well-meaning—an attempt on the one hand to get you to do it (and that's fine), and on the other to help you make it work. But maybe such schools shouldn't "work," should not avoid disruption and confusion. Maybe it is precisely that—their *troubles*—which are their great value. Maybe that is where we learn. Maybe we shouldn't try, just yet, to make them last but should accept their rapid formation and dissolution, their transience. Each group must stumble on its own toward a sensible structure, beginning from scratch, from raw experience. The essays in *This Book* seem implicitly to suggest that it is that inventive process, that *creation*, which is life-giving and educational. What counts is the *act* of creation—the stumbling awkward troubled joyous unfolding of something no one has seen before or imagined—ourselves.

What both these books reveal to me, in the midst of their undeniable courage and utility, is that we really cannot settle yet for what we have discovered, even in our own alternatives about ourselves, or childhood, or schooling. We have only just started finding out. We know simply that it feels better to be real and free than fake and frozen; we know that institutions have failed us and that we must begin to act out of our imaginations and souls—to consult and consort with what Lawrence called our "dark gods." But those gods are missing still from these books, and, though their authors have all turned away from the old ones, the new ones have yet to emerge clearly. That is less a criticism of these books than the measure of where we are now. If we define ourselves *now*, too sweetly, too simply, we will do a disservice to ourselves and reality and the young we mean to help. We will become too trite and smug too soon. Words and rhetoric will again begin to take the place of raw experience, of "doing it." But that would be unfortunate, for what we face is so deep, so extensive that it will take more to see us through to the other side of it than one can find in these books. That's all right, of course. These are merely a kind of shove, an impulse, as Pound said, to action—most useful not in telling us *how*, but in showing us that it *can* be done. That in itself is enough. Here are two post cards sent back to us from a new land to assure us it is there. That alone makes them worthwhile and lovely. Their weaknesses reveal less about them as books than about where all of us stand and how far we have to go before we are at home in that land.

Peter Marin is a writer and education critic who edits the New Schools Exchange Newsletter. He is co-author with Allan Y. Cohen of the recent book Understanding Drug Use: An Adult's Guide to Drugs and the Young.

THE IDEAL OF THE UNIVERSITY

by Robert Paul Wolff

Beacon Press, 161 pp., $5.95, paperback $1.95

Reviewed by Richard M. Ohmann

If I picked up a book called *The Idea of a Hotel*, or *The Sanitation Department of Utopia*, or *The Uses of the Steel Mill*, or *The Ideal of the Dairy Farm*, I would be amused or suspicious, expecting trivial matter dressed in fancy jargon and of spurious value. Substitute the word "university" for "hotel," "sanitation department," "steel mill," and "dairy farm," and you get the unsurprising titles of four reputable books by Cardinal Newman, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Clark Kerr, and Robert Paul Wolff, respectively.

No one writes philosophical tracts on hotels or sanitation departments, because such enterprises are a reply to daily necessity so quietly functional in the economy and culture that it does not occur to inquire speculatively about their nature and use. We don't have philosophies of social institutions except when the nature of those institutions seems to us a matter for significant choice.

Universities and colleges do offer social choices. A category that includes Ohio State University, the California Institute of Technology, Goddard College, Malcolm X Liberation University, and Catholic University of America may well seem infinitely variable. Another feature of universities that encourages a sense of freedom is their relative exemption from the hard criterion of profit. Given public funds or a private endowment, it does not take much wit for the officers of a university simply to keep it alive. It seems to follow that we can freely mold universities to an ideal of our choice.

I think that the latitude here implied is in important part illusory. It is true that a given university or college—particularly a small private one—may have great freedom to alter itself. But the same cannot be said of The University—the whole system of higher education—which is, after all, what most theorists and reformers have their eye on. In America today, the university is too vital a part of the social and productive systems to be changed a great deal. Really, the university is more like the dairy farm than may at first appear to be the case.

To see this, one needs to ask how universities are related to the basic productive system. They, along with schools, industrial research laboratories, some governmental agencies,

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textbook publishers, and a host of other institutions, generate and transmit the knowledge necessary for our complex and technology-based economy. Universities, schools, and the rest turn out the people—stocked with some of the knowledge they will need, trained to acquire more, and provided with supportive attitudes—who will keep the economy going and growing. Here in what Peter Drucker calls "the knowledge society," 35 per cent of our Gross National Product is services and goods directly connected with the making, storing, and transmitting of knowledge. In other words, the knowledge industry is by a long shot our biggest one, and, given the complete dependence of the productive system on knowledge, doubtless our most important one as well.

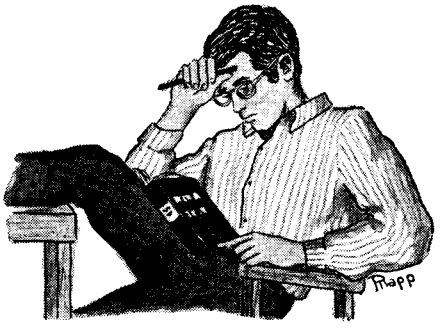
Within the knowledge industry the university holds a dominant position. From the point of view of other industries, it is the source of the most vital personnel and of basic advances in technology and managerial know-how. From the point of view of young people entering the economy, it is the path to interesting work, status, power, and wealth. From the point of view of the schools, it is standard-setter and curriculum-maker. For society, the university is the final instrument of socialization, the prime channeling device, a major producer of managerial and technical expertise, and in all this, a carrier and transmitter of the values of corporate liberalism. General Motors is dependent upon the university, and if the university changed beyond recognition, General Motors would have to reinvent it.

These reflections are prompted by reading Robert Paul Wolff's *The Ideal of the University*, a book full of clarifications, good sense, radical politics, and a traditional love of humane learning. The book is so helpful to me that I want to respond by criticizing and extending its argument, rather than by trying to judge or pigeonhole it. I think that Wolff knows everything I have said so far—indeed, he himself speaks of the university as "a highly productive element of the American economy" —but his analysis loses track of this truth at times.

Wolff proceeds in his task by sketching four models—pure and unrealized ideals—of the university. One is the "sanctuary of scholarship," apart from the larger society. A second is the aggregate of professional schools. A third is the multiversity, with its cafeteria of services for government and industry. Lastly, Wolff draws a radical critique of the university as training ground (and indoctrination center) for the ruling class of an unjust society. Now Wolff embarks on the construction of these ideal types in order to "try to decide which of them really *should* dominate American higher education." I find this last a futile enterprise (though Wolff's model-building does explain a lot about the tangle of aims and ideals behind our actual universities). We—all of us in universities —have very little choice as to which ideal "should dominate American higher education," for reasons I have laid out.

In point of fact, our university system is necessarily an amalgam of all four of Wolff's models. A system that gives our society what it needs (the multiversity) will necessarily also educate professional elites and inculcate the values of Establishment Man, so that three of the models are entirely compatible. The fourth—the sanctuary of scholarship—poses some problems, which, however, the professoriat has solved by making scholarship the coin of its own professional realm, thus holding on to a comfortable though anachronistic value of older aristocratic universities and making of it a working system of advancement and prestige in the present, seemingly hostile setting. This amalgam of ideals is pretty much inevitable because our social order demands it. A sharply different kind of university—say, a university devoted to the use of knowledge to liberate all people rather than to preserve existing relations of wealth and power, or Wolff's own "utopian" community of learners—may be approximated here and there in special circumstances, but for The University to be one of these ways, we must first create a radically different kind of society.

It is my own belief that we indeed must put an end to American capitalism, or take the rest of the world down with us in one or another terminal calamity. Starting here, with a premise Wolff doubtlessly accepts, though he does not work from it in this book, I arrive at a position much like his. Although the university is tightly bound in to American capitalism—and, to a radical, this should hardly be occasion for astonished outcry—it is nonetheless the "most progressive institution" of this society. As Wolff says, perhaps in spite of itself the university is a liberating force for most students. It has been and may continue to be a haven for many radicals. It is the source of much of the deepest social criticism and the locus of experiment by students with new modes of community. Radicals should be constantly pressing the university to become more liberating, more critical, more open, more democratic, but should not expect or want to "overthrow" it, or even completely alter it. Wolff says these things well.



He also argues for a number of specific changes in our system of higher education. College should begin a bit earlier and last only three years. It should be completely detached from professional training, as certification should be separate from education. We should abolish the Ph.D. Admissions procedures should be as random as possible. There should be an open curriculum and no grades. These proposals aim at making education—free and liberating inquiry—possible by separating it from the scramble for advancement in this hierarchical society. They are good suggestions, persuasively made. For others, I have less enthusiasm: e.g., to say that faculty members and students should have decisive power in educational matters is to be on the side of virtue, but it leaves unanswered the interesting and difficult questions of how this is to be done, of where educational matters end and others begin, and, most importantly, of how students and faculty members will work with (or against) administrators and trustees in financial decisions—for educational policy without financial policy can amount to little more than whether to have pass/fail grading or a short January term. But all of Wolff's proposals are worth taking seriously *to the extent that* they advance the liberation of minds, deepen awareness of unfreedom in the larger society, and point the way to more democratic social arrangements. On the other hand, to the extent that such proposals offer to build a more stable and natural adjustment between the university and the rest of society, they are a reformist deception.

For the longer run, if American society continues on its present course, we need waste no thought on the future of universities, since they will have no future worth mentioning. But if we somehow manage to veer away from the economic, ecological, atomic, demographic, and political disasters we are courting, then there will be interesting challenges for people in universities. Can our phenomenal expertise be turned to socially useful kinds of production? How will we rebuild a social system to accompany greatly re-

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duced economic circumstances, when we must get along on roughly our 6 per cent share of the world's wealth, rather than the 50 per cent we now control? Can knowledge be a shared resource for collective well-being, or is technology necessarily the instrument of power for ruling elites? Most generally, can human knowledge be contained and used within a decent global society, or must it turn into the colossal misadventure it now threatens to be? But these questions, I believe, cannot be answered by universities or any other agency in our present social and economic system. Those who share that belief had best try to change the system, and not be too preoccupied with reform of the universities.

Richard M. Ohmann, as chancellor pro tem, was chief academic officer of Wesleyan University during 1969-70, completing four years in the administration there. He will return to the English department after a sabbatical leave this year. He edits College English *and works in the New University Conference.*

WISHES, LIES, AND DREAMS, by Kenneth Koch *(Chelsea House, 309 pp., $7.95);* **TALKIN' ABOUT US, edited by Bill Wertheim and Irma Gonzalez** *(New Century, 176 pp., $2.95);* **WRITERS AS TEACHERS/TEACHERS AS WRITERS, edited by Jonathan Baumbach** *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 218 pp., $5.95);* **THE VOICE OF THE CHILDREN, collected by June Jordan and Terri Bush** *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 128 pp., $3.95)*

Reviewed by Herbert Kohl

Can writing be taught? All of the books considered here raise and attempt to answer this question. Not surprisingly, the answers are similar: no, writing cannot be taught in the sense that you cannot make a writer; yes, young people can be helped to learn how to write themselves with the assistance of teachers.

Imagine a mother worrying about how to teach her child to talk. The child is six months old; the sounds he makes are just beginning to be intelligible. He wants to communicate and is straining himself to be understood. And his mother worries about how to teach him the whole of language. She wonders whether she ought to start with grammar or vocabulary, whether to correct his mistakes or let him do it himself. She worries about the dialect he will learn, about his ability to talk in full sentences, to distinguish vowel and consonant sounds. She might even wonder how to reduce the whole thing to developmental stages and teach him programed talking. Most likely, if she kept up her efforts and tried to teach instead of listen, she would confound her child and drive him to silence. On the other hand, she might stop worrying, listen to what he is trying to say, and respond instead of trying to teach. She will respond if she wants to communicate with her child and not merely educate him. And he will learn to talk if his utterances are taken seriously.

The case is not much different with writing. In *Teachers as Writers/Writers as Teachers,* a collection of essays on the teaching of writing by writers who have themselves taught writing at various colleges, the following answers are proposed:

Seymour Simches proposes that "all the teacher is trying to do is make the student accessible to himself, make him as bold as possible."

In a similar vein, John Hawkes's report on the Voice Project, an attempt to bring creative writers into elementary and secondary school classrooms, suggests that the role of the teacher of writing is to help and encourage each student to find his own writing voice and come to respect and use it.

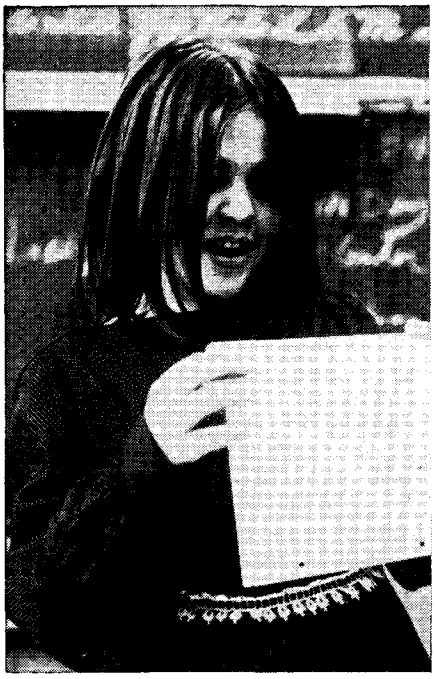
In another essay, George P. Elliot says, "to teach writing is to help rewrite."

Denise Levertov in "The Untaught Teacher," also included in this very good anthology edited by Jonathan Baumbach, talks about never assigning her students poems to write (how could the creation of a poem be legislated?), though asking them to do translations and other exercises that might lead them toward writing their own works. Miss Levertov in this thoughtful and moving essay also talks about the writing class in college becoming at its best something of a community of writers sharing their works as well as something of their lives.

This community of writers reminds me of the community of minipoets and novelists I have seen in many classes I have taught and that is described in Kenneth Koch's *Wishes, Lies, and Dreams,* perhaps the best book I have read portraying the joy and excitement young people experience when writing in a happy place where people care about their works. Koch describes a class of his at PS 61:

> A new idea for a poem made the children happy and buoyant. There was also the fact of their all being there in the room, writing together. No time for self-consciousness or self-doubts; there was too much activity: everyone was writing and talking and jumping around. And it was competitive in a mild and exhilarating way; it was what everyone was doing, and everyone could do it.

Koch is a writer himself. He knows of the pain and the joy, of the uncertainty and the rewards of teaching oneself to write well. He could understand what the students were experiencing and could appreciate it, nurture it. In Koch's book, the poems of the students are there, lots and lots of them—enough to get a sense of the range and variety of the voices of young people. They should be read, preferably out loud, and studied and taken in. Koch's ideas for poems are included in the book as well as ideas that are, as he says, "easy to understand [and] immediately interesting . . . and bring something new into the children's poems." The ideas Koch uses are good.



—Helen Weaver

Spring is like a lady bug climbing
a flower.
Spring is flowers growing in the
garden.
Spring is the sun, sky and grass.
Spring is going to the swimming
pool.
Spring is going to the beach and
tasting the salt water.
Spring is wearing your new summer
play suit.
Spring is planting new flowers
in your garden.
Spring is getting a new pair of
sandals.

But best of all spring is part of
nature, like the baby next door
She's grown so big.

—Vivien Tuft

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I've tried them with my writing classes, and they work; they set the students to writing and forgetting about me.

However, the most important factor in getting young people to write is not the cleverness of the ideas. It is the context in which the ideas presented are allowed to blossom into poems. Koch's classes were obviously fun. There was noise, movement, life. In a deathly quiet and clean environment, the most interesting ideas are immediately sterilized.

Teachers ought to take advantage of the perspectives of writers when they try to "teach" writing in their classes. Any attempt to structure the teaching of writing, to introduce grammar and punctuation rules, to set a theme a day and insist upon instant poetry will turn the students into resentful writers with no voices of their own. The young people will end up bad writers who look upon the art as an unpleasant though occasionally necessary task.

Young people in my experience want to communicate through writing. It is a form of magic to many of them and a means of gaining the power of adults. As long as the efforts to write are taken seriously by adults, writing can be learned. If young people are not listened to, they will stop writing for their teacher. Recently we have seen, however, that though students stop writing for their teachers, they continue to write for themselves and their friends. Think of all the writers for underground high school newspapers who are probably failing writing in school.

Two anthologies recently published illustrate the power of young people's writing. June Jordan and Terri Bush have edited a collection of the writing of black youngsters from Brooklyn who have formed a community of writers in the sense that Denise Levertov dreams about. Their collection *The Voice of the Children* is full of interesting and at moments unusually good poetry. The youngsters whose work is included in the book meet together on weekends and write for each other and for their community. They do not need to be taught, and yet they don't say that teaching is irrelevant. No, writing cannot be taught; yes, June Jordan and Terri Bush by creating an atmosphere, by taking writing seriously, and occasionally by throwing out interesting ideas have helped these youngsters learn to write.

The same is true of William Wertheim, who, with one of his students, Irma Gonzalez, has edited another fine collection of young people's writing, *Talkin' About Us*. The collection contains writing from Upward Bound students throughout the country.

All of the books reviewed here ought to be read. The young people's writing ought to be reread, out loud if possible. There is a good week's reading here for all of us and the germ of a year's writing class for teachers.

Herbert Kohl was one of the founders of Teachers and Writers Collaborative, from which have sprung many of the works reviewed. He is author of 36 Children *and* The Open Classroom *and is currently running an experimental school in Berkeley, California.*

"You see, Mollie, money doesn't mean anything anymore."

New Books

The Children's Play Centre: Its Psychological Value and Its Place in the Training of Teachers, *by D. E. M. Gardner (Agathon, 143 pp., $6)*; **Adventures with Children in Nursery School and Kindergarten,** *by Elsa Barnouw and Arthur Swan (Agathon, 276 pp., $7.50)*; **Family Grouping in the Primary School,** *by Lorna Ridgway and Irene Lawton (Agathon, 188 pp., $6)*; **The Integrated Day in the Primary School,** *by Mary Brown and Norman Precious (Agathon, 157 pp., $6)*, give American readers a chance to compare British and American developments in early childhood education over three decades. First published in 1937, Miss Gardner's book describes for teachers how underprivileged English children spent uninhibited evenings realizing for the first time a sufficiency of play space. Initially presented some twenty years later, *Adventures with Children* offers a personable account of a New York preschool enterprise committed to the notion of child play as the only firm foundation to future learning. Originally a 1965 title, *Family Grouping* argues that the necessity of the rural school (one teacher, several grades) might prove to be the virtue of metropolitan primary education, illustrating this central contention with reference to over two dozen experiments in Britain. The most recent of these Agathon reprints, *The Integrated Day*, calls for minimum timetabling and maximum "flow of activity" that characterizes certain Leicestershire primary schools. Strange though it may seem, many teachers in training have had little to do with youngsters en masse. These books fill a notable gap by supplying children in profusion.

The Original Statutes of Cambridge University: The Text and Its History, *by M. B. Hackett (Cambridge University Press, 398 pp., $16.50)*, will delight scholars for whom the historical find constitutes the ultimate challenge in internal and external criticism. Having made his discovery as a result of skimming a catalogue in Rome's Angelica Library, Dr. Hackett dated the statutes c. 1236-54, a period predating any known statutory codes pertaining to European universities. Besides providing an elegant, annotated text and translation, the author writes extensively of its origin and history. Those who know the classic *Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages* will appreciate Hackett's masterly correction of Rashdall's contention that the earliest such documents date from the fourteenth century. A superb example of critical editing. —JOHN CALAM.

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The Heart of Dixie

Continued from page 45

ground. In Alabama civil rights lawyers like Ralph Knowles and Jack Drake, both recent graduates of the university law school, or students like Steve Suitts, who helped organize the political campaigns of black candidates in rural counties, or dropouts like Doug Newby, who publishes an underground newspaper called *High Gauge*, are risking their bodies and not just mouthing rhetoric. Tuscaloosa is a relatively tolerant community, but only because people like them have made it so. A decade ago, when people like Jay Murphy of the law school began to talk about the inevitability of integration, the rednecks burned crosses on their lawns.

For most of the concerned students here, social commitment seems to have more to do with the South's radical populism (and often with their own blue-collar origins) than it does with the familiar alienation of affluent liberals from the suburbs. A decade ago a handful would occasionally sneak across town to meet with the black students at Stillman College. Now they talk quietly about going to jail rather than serving in the military, about organizing the political campaigns of black candidates for sheriff or probate judge, and about working with the exploited white workers in the textile mills. Few of them talk about leaving the state. They are not displaced persons; they come from places like Florence and Gadsden and Lanett, and, most of all, they share an affection for this land and its people. "Somehow," said Newby, who looks and speaks like a cracker, "people from around here always seem to come back. Most of us like Alabama because the people—the working people—are good people." They love their place.

The currents here, the religious fundamentalism, the radicalism, the reaction, the violence, run close to the surface. A clash of ideas in Alabama or Mississippi may mean more than a seminar or a bull session, and the political sixth sense of most Southerners is therefore a necessary device to keep things from getting too bloody. And yet the possibility always exists. Whatever has been subdued or forgotten elsewhere is still part of the Alabama mix; when someone shouts kill the pig there is no way to be sure that it's just rhetoric.

There are other elements in the mix. There is a growing urban middle class, ambitious to get ahead but also a shade ambivalent about the social and environmental byproducts of modernization elsewhere; there is sentimentality about the past; there is a powerful strain of old-time fundamentalism; and there is football. A few years ago Paul "Bear" Bryant was undoubtedly the most popular man in the state—more popular than Wallace—and potentially the most powerful; his teams had won a string of Southeastern Conference championships in the early and mid-Sixties, and Bryant was seriously mentioned as a possible candidate for Governor. It was also said that integrating the football team in the years immediately following the confrontation at the schoolhouse door might have done more for the cause of racial equality in the South than all the Justice Department lawyers in Washington. But Bryant did not integrate (he is just now beginning to recruit black athletes); he did not run for public office; and he gives no indication that he is interested in running the university—provided the university does not try to run him. Nonetheless, football remains a factor of gigantic proportions and Bear Bryant a figure of unlimited connections. He has probably contributed more to the university—in cash and general support—than all the charitable foundations in creation. And on a campus where very few people are the best in their business, Bryant is, as they say on the sports pages, very outstanding. Visit him in his suite of offices and you know—from the projection rooms, the trophies, the murals, the blackboards—what business its occupant is in. You also know that it may be the most serious business in town.

Visit David Mathews in his office and you are not as certain. There are no trophies, no signs of passion, no artifacts of personality or idiosyncrasy. The environment of the Frank Rose Administration Building, erected before Mathews assumed office, is plantation modern—doorways adorned with ornamental columns and halls decorated with a balustrade-print wallpaper. The style leans toward the sentimental past, sniffing for the scent of magnolias. It bends with fluorescent modernity, looking to be with it, but it does not point. It says only that running the University of Alabama is an uncertain task that demands, in addition to the ordinary presidential responsibilities, that the incumbent create his own visions and negotiate them through the regional contradictions, around the racism, and over the still-unquestioned rural conviction that most forms of contemporary thought are the trickery of an alien conspiracy and that the university is a hot bed of subversives. Mathews, and every other public figure in Alabama, is possessed of that special political sense. Tall, lean, soft-spoken, almost diffident, he comes on more like the president of an enlightened fraternity or of the Baptist Student Association (which, fifteen years ago, he was) than like the heavy in the executive office. A small-town boy from south Alabama, he enjoyed a meteoric rise through the ranks at Alabama—B.A. with Phi Beta Kappa key and a master's degree from Tuscaloosa, a doctorate in history from Columbia University, and assorted deanships and administrative posts under former President Frank Rose—to become, in 1969, the youngest president in the university's history. Recently he was chosen one of the ten outstanding young men of the year, and there are people who regard him as one of the most promising young men in America. Every inch of Mathews is the "moderate" New South, a man who may become a U.S. Senator, or Governor, or (who knows, if he is lucky and plays it right) something higher than that.

But Mathews, as with much of the "modern South, is a creature of ambivalence. He speaks a great deal about "respecting your own tradition," about staking out independent directions, about Southern history, about his populist grandfather, and about the region's possibilities for economic and social development. In his view, those possibilities seem to lie in Brewerism rather than populism, in an expanding middle class, in "extending privilege, not shifting it from one group to another," and in moderation. "As long as you have dollar-and-a-quarter industry in the South," he said, "you'll have a race problem." At the same time he is conscious, perhaps excessively, of limitations, dangers, and pitfalls. The activist students at Alabama expected Mathews to be a champion of innovation in the university and of reform in

WIT TWISTER #209

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

She prized no author _ _ _ _ _ _ than her son,
Whose letters she _ _ _ _ _ _, until each one
Had cost its _ _ _ _ _ _ countless sighs of grief—
For he whom she had _ _ _ _ _ _ was now turned thief.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 60*)

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the state, and on some things he has delivered: The university has initiated programs of social work and legal aid in the Tuscaloosa ghettos; it is running exchange programs with Stillman; it is trying to extend its research and service functions to a variety of social and political problems in Alabama; and Mathews himself is trying to encourage the departments to recruit black teachers.

But neither Mathews nor other university officials have actively tried to identify with school integration (other than to offer "technical assistance"), and Mathews, despite his youth—or perhaps even because of it—has made no special effort to be a champion of the young. When the students organized a series of outdoor campus rock festivals and infused them with some new-culture politics, the administration became nervous and closed them down; when Abbie Hoffman was invited to speak, Mathews decided that his appearance constituted a "clear and present danger" and vetoed the invitation; and when the Cambodia demonstrations were over, the university issued a pamphlet on student rights and responsibilities (without consulting students) so loaded with ambiguous language and repressive potential that the local ACLU chapter was moved to publish a twenty-six-page rebuttal. "I'm not old enough to be guilty about the young, or to hate them," Mathews said, "but I'm not an idealist who wants to vent." Push him on any of these issues and the politician takes over: "If you attack it head on, you wouldn't be very effective." The president of the university has "damn few reins to pull on," he said; power and influence are limited, and the encouragement of precipitous action on any front will "get you fifteen more years of hostility." There are all those forces out there, and most of them are conservative.

But beyond the subtle calculation of forces, beyond the spiritual buddyship with the new gentility of moderation and progress, and beyond the good Southern sense that extreme rhetoric can generate violence, there may well be another source of hesitation. "Mathews," said someone in Tuscaloosa, "just isn't made to be a good ol' boy. He never drank whiskey, he's never been in the Army, he's never been *exposed*. He's just a nice Baptist Student Association president. All those people in the administration are alike; things like Mississippi summer just passed them by. It's not just that they weren't part of it, but they weren't even aware of it. They don't know what's going on among their own students."

There are people in Tuscaloosa who believe deeply that Alabama's populism can be separated from its racism, and that the whole history of the South has been distorted to conceal its egalitarian tradition, its class injustices, its regressive tax structure, and its exploitation by outside corporations, and that the university, rather than confront all these problems, has simply papered them over. "The courses here," said an undergraduate, "are run to stifle thinking, not to encourage it. This is the most class-conscious, and the most racist, institution in the state." Confront Mathews with such statements and he will remind you that the university is a Bourbon place, that most undergraduates are conservatives—that there are more active Baptists than active radicals—and that any confrontation is likely to bring out more Klansmen than volunteers for the Armies of the Night.

It is easy to become bemused by this region, by the climate, the trees, the red soil, and to be overwhelmed by the Faulknerian sense of doom that still lingers in the small towns, the shacks of the croppers, and the mists that rise from the streams and swamps during the night. Ride around the back roads and the chances are about even that sooner or later there will be a red pickup truck on the road behind you with three men holding shotguns—hunters probably, but who knows? All time collapses into an insane mix of literary past, industrial future, and political present. In Green County, not more than twenty miles from Tusca-

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loosa, the overwhelming black population has just elected a slate of black county officials, and many of the remaining whites are talking about moving out; in Birmingham, fifty miles to the northeast, the liberal members of the middle class invite blacks to cocktails and talk about the beginning of a new age in the South, citing their own integrated party as evidence; and in Tuscaloosa, late at night, a beautiful young girl named Gina—now a senior, but somehow beyond categories of age or academic classification—walks across the empty campus talking about how she likes to watch the sun rise and how she often sits in that magnolia tree over there, hidden from view, to see the people going by. During the day Gina is a speech major who, in her free moments, sells copies of *High Gauge* in the Alabama Union; at night she is a solitary lover, a lover of the land, the soil, the people, a person who will also come back.

It is impossible to say what people like Gina have learned on this campus, but despair is not part of it. Now, they say, there will be a new generation of students, more radical than they are, less willing to settle for the conventional directions of the university and better prepared to fight the system. "If anything happens now," said one of them, "it will be more dangerous than ever. People haven't forgotten last spring. For the moment there's a split between the political radicals and the cultural radicals, but that won't be permanent." For me, the university is Gina's place; someday there will be more Ginas, and ultimately, with luck, Alabama will be their state.

When the Supreme Court, in 1954, handed down its decision on school segregation, the Deep South was still a frozen place where the energies, passions, and convictions that vitalized American development in the past century were held in check against the threat of racial upheaval and in the name of a romantic past that never was. Now the thaw has begun, but the old forces are being released at a time when they will be deeply influenced by the newer currents of the counter-culture, when work has to have more meaning than money, politics more significance than power, and industrial development more value and environmental concern than the production of goods at any price. Perhaps this is also too optimistic, too wishful, but somehow there exists a possibility, perhaps peaceful, perhaps violent, that the nation—with more undeserved luck than planning—has in the South a reservoir for renewal and re-creation, a place where the telephones still work and real people still answer them, where life in New York or Chicago or Detroit (or even in their suburbs) is not regarded as an unmixed blessing, and where the respectable social conscience is not merely an affectation for cocktail parties and literary journals. Most important, it is a place where the best of the young—not the upwardly mobile executives or the engineers or the corporate lawyers, but the people who organize marches, tutor children, and work in politics, the people who walk the night without guns—want to stay home because, as one of them said, "this is the place to be."

Something in the Deep South is coming to an end, and even George Wallace, in his last inaugural, had quit saying "never." (All those integrated high school bands at that ceremony. They played Dixie seven times, but even that didn't sound the same anymore.) The question now is what will replace it. Will the "moderates," who have always profited from economic exploitation, deliver the state to the corporations under a veneer of "progress" and growth? Will they do any more about racism than clean up the image? Or will they be challenged by the young, by the white working class, by the increasingly organized black politicians, by the challengers (against the regular state Democrats) of the national Democratic Party of Alabama, which represents forces such as those that carried Green County last fall?

The University of Alabama is, or could be, the center of that future, the meeting place that Mathews imagines. At one time most Southern universities were, as Shaw said about Catholic universities, a contradiction in terms, but that time may also be over. "We know," said Mathews, "what some of the pitfalls are. We don't know the precise direction, but we know it's around here somewhere." The young administrators in Alabama's Plantation-Kremlin may, as has been charged, be out of touch, but if that's the case, it is a sign of how fast things have moved. What they do understand is that things here—unlike the situation at many other colleges—are opening up rather than closing down, that their failure, for example, to get funds for major research five years ago may have been a blessing in disguise. Sooner or later they will also discover that more opening-up will be forced upon them by their own students, that Bourbonism has no future. The meeting ground in Tuscaloosa may become a scene for radical confrontations or simply for the polite ones that Mathews imagines. But it is clear that in the next few years something crucial must happen here—crucial for the university, for the region, and, just possibly, for the rest of us.

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Promise of Poetry

Continued from page 20

music, he said, was "heroic music; it spoke of struggle and triumph; it reflected the basic nobility of man. Today all that is gone. Now music has splintered into dozens of movements, groups, and experiments ranging from the most didactic super-serialism to the most frivolous dada. Some of it is fascinating, some is titillating, some of it is touching and even beautiful, and some of it is merely opportunistic. But one thing it almost never is, is noble. And this negativism ranges right across the arts into almost all thinking disciplines."

Substitute the word "poetry" for "music" and Bernstein would have been talking about the present state of a sister art. What else could we expect? And what can we do? Can we wait for Charles Reich's simplistic third consciousness to establish its bloodless cultural revolution? Can we, meanwhile, hope for words and music that are not only endearing but ennobling in an ignoble world. No sensitive creator can stop the mounting tensions —tensions aggravated by frustrated prayers for peace, hard-hat viciousness, honest dissent equated with subversive disloyalty, and widespread triumphs of bigotry—from influencing, disturbing, and sometimes destroying his work.

To hope for a return to order, to form, and to a responsibility to craft may be considered old-fashioned as well as foolishly outdated. Nevertheless, there are poets of the moment who somehow have been able to bring clarity out of confusion and to reveal the complexities of the human condition with fresh perceptions.

I think particularly of the way Robert Lowell has illuminated the conflicts of the past and the concerns of the present with a powerful urgency that never lacks grace; of Allen Ginsberg, with his unrestrained impetuosity, his Whitmaniacal improvisations, and an energy as compelling as it is compulsive; of the probing, painful, and sometimes terrifying analyses of W. D. Snodgrass; of James Dickey, whose natural gusto makes him welcome whatever is unnatural, bizarre, and violent; of the passionate intensity of Muriel Rukeyser, whose surcharged poems stir the pulse even before they move the mind; of May Swenson, whose ingenious riddles and curiously shaped metaphors contain extraordinary yet exact observations; of the fierce tenderness of Anne Sexton, a bewildering alternation of reasoned meditations and mad nightmares; of the efflorescent images and virtuoso inventiveness of Richard Wilbur; of Anthony Hecht, fastidious, formal, and subtly, even elegantly, penetrating; of Elizabeth Bishop, who always says something new about the oldest subjects, transforming "all the untidy activity" with a frugal magic; of Kenneth Koch, equally at home with avant-garde comedy and with underprivileged children whom he unacademically stimulates into poetry; of A. D. Hope, who, with devastating wit, modernizes the spirit of the eighteenth-century ironists; of Adrien Stoutenburg's brilliant balance of restraint and exuberance; of the multiple techniques and territories of W. H. Auden; of the precision and allusive suggestiveness of Stanley Kunitz, W. S. Merwin, James Merrill, Louis Simpson, William Jay Smith, Mona Van Duyn. . . . The list continually extends itself.

These are some of the contemporary poets who give me continual pleasure, partly because of their variety and partly because I see them as restorers of dignity and distinction. Others could undoubtedly be named, other poets who have given the period poems solid in substance, strengthened by form, and sustained by enriched imagination. They allow me to be hopeful that the language of poetry, now in a state of ferment, will have still greater clarification and wider communication.

Hearing America singing a hundred years ago, Whitman left this among his "Inscriptions":

> Poets to come! Orators, singers,
> musician to come!
> Not today is to justify me and answer
> what I am for,
> But you, a new breed, native, athletic,
> continental, greater than before
> known,
> Answer! for you must justify me.

Whitman's prophetic appeal has already had many disparate answers. More are continually being uttered. There are, in spite of the current babel, sounds that have a definite, affirmative ring, "native, athletic, continental, greater than before known." I have listened and learned that, even in the polluted air, there is something that blends the banal and the bewildering, the ordinary and the luminous, into a poetry that Whitman called the glory of the commonplace. I believe that poets to come will fulfill the promise of the best poets of the present. I believe they will bring order out of our chaos. They will succeed in doing what poetry has always attempted to do: to express the inexpressible in terms of the unforgettable.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 57: dearer, reread, reader, reared.

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(Continued from page 63)

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WILL YOUR CHILD BE HAPPY at camp? Make lasting friendships; have challenging, creative and varied program; visit cultural centers of Berkshires? We help with highly skilled, sympathetic, superior staff. Noncompetitive. Special reading program available. Coed. 85 miles New York City. Write Camp Kenico, 1 Sunnyside Avenue, Hempstead, New York 11550.

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SAILING FOR BOYS—Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. Elementary and advanced Seamanship and Racing; ages eight to fifteen. Water Safety, Tennis, Baseball, Expeditions. June 24th; season, $800. VIKING, Orleans, Massachusetts 02653. 617-255-2739.

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CAMPS

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the asssurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

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(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

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Booked for Travel

Continued from page 39

neighboring trails through the Vermont hills. The quaint rates of 1903 (which were upped by $20 a room by 1913) have not been revised, although the tariff scale is modest enough in these days of the 12-cent nickel candy bar. Doubles in winter cost $20 to $32; singles, $17 to $29, without meals to be sure. Sunday-night-to-Friday-morning ski weeks available most weeks in winter cost $75 per person, two in a room or $110 for a single room, use of lifts, ski lessons included.

The inn follows the Rockefeller tradition, and a long-time Rockefeller executive, Robert Barton, who has been with the company since the first days at Jackson Hole in the middle Fifties, is on hand to steady the wheel. It is all low-key, low-profile, Rockefeller-perfect, which is to say, cushy beds, big baths, simple menus in the coffee shop and dining room. Somewhere under the snowbanks are six clay tennis courts and a swimming pool. There are at least a dozen other places to stay in Woodstock—farmhouses, tourist homes, motels, and inns. The New England Inn on Pleasant Street in the middle of the village can store twenty-one boarders in its rambling, white clapboard confines. Its big country meals are served in the downstairs parlor—a shirt open at the collar will do—and the recipes hearken back to yesteryear. Kedron Valley Inn at South Woodstock has added a log-style motel and it can now offer thirty-five rooms and thirty-two baths. It hasn't lost the country look, at least in the dining room, where an endless parade of chowder, fried chicken, creamed succotash, pickled relishes, and a dazzling assortment of pies arrive at table. Even a skier who has labored on the slopes all day with naught but a hamburger for lunch will have a hard time handling it all. And for that matter, spending more than $5.

Beyond the pure maple syrup on the pancakes at breakfast, and a witches' brew made of applejack and maple sugar served in the saloon at Woodstock Inn, I was hard put to find maply confections at the Vermont tables. They exist in the farm kitchens, I suspect, and the cookbooks list recipes for maple gingerbread, maple upside-down cake, maple sugar pie, maple butternut pudding, maple peanut mousse, and maple divinity fudge, which has got to be the square root of all bonbons carried to the nth power.

The sap that is the source of all this maple goodness begins to run after the first warmed-up days from early March to mid-April when the weather gives promise of spring one day and sprinkles snow down the back on the next. Sugarin' off parties become picnics in the snow, and the sleighs take the celebrants into the woodlands to tap the trees, to boil eggs in the sap Quebec-fashion, and ultimately to nibble on the candy that hardens when the boiled sap is poured on the snow.

Cans of maple syrup are ransomed all over Vermont, but the selection of made-in-Vermont edibles is excellent at Gillingham's, which has been doing business in Woodstock since 1886. Syrup and maple sugar candy in a variety of shapes are the standbys, but maple-flavored popcorn earned a fast disappearance level in my ménage, and there are those living there who still talk with wonder about Gillingham's grinder that made peanut butter out of peanuts while you watched, delivering almost immediately a paste thick enough to cement Israel and Egypt in a bond of fellowship that would last until the next millennium.

The boutiques with dazzling ski clothes one sees at St. Moritz, Zermatt, Klosters, or Lech simply don't exist here. Possibly they are hidden away in Sugarbush to the north or Killington to the west or Mad River Glen, where good skiers go. Morgan-Ballou in two old buildings on Elm Street and MacHugh in the old White Cupboard Inn carry clothes that would pass muster at any self-respecting country club you could name. I liked the Vermont hand, which works up handsome things of leather not excluding leather hot pants. The Vermont Workshop on Route 4 is stuffed with glassware, pottery, fancy cookware, plastic crystals you make and bake, jewelry, china, and all the things you never knew you needed until you walked in the front door setting off a razzle of sleigh bells.

The Lamp Shop—after all it is a day of specialization—remains in constant search of antiques, which it likes to convert to lamps. Its quest having been successful, it has a stock on hand. This being as well an age of diversification, The Lamp Shop also carries needlepoint canvases in original designs, which it will mount in diverse and original ways. Elsa Ross, in a brick building on the green, has fine antiques and country furniture and one of the spiffiest addresses in town: 7, The Green.

But all these are the peripheral material pleasures. I knock them not, but if there is any glory to barreling up to the ski lands, and wrestling with all that gear, and paying all that money, and riding all those nutty lifts, it lies somewhere at the top of the mountain. After you have at last learned how to maneuver and they have put you on the big lift and you emerge to a land of white silence, gliding almost stealthily between an allée of firs, and you arrive at the brink of the slope and all the valley lies at your feet, ah, there's the glory, and the hell with all the problems of the world, including how you're going to get down.

"It must have been some other king. I never offered my kingdom for a horse."

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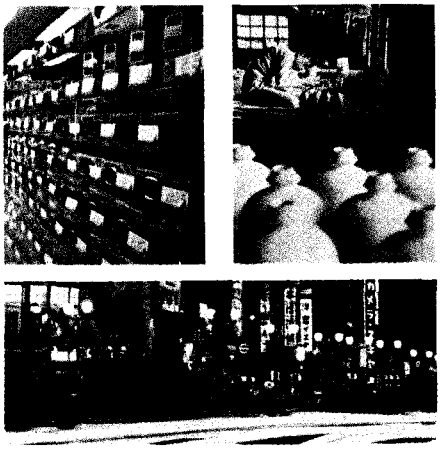
You discover the Inland Sea with its piney picture-islands and misty vistas—from a speeding hydrofoil. You stroll Tokyo's Ginza, past window after window of excellent watches, cameras, mini-TV's. Then, abruptly there's a folk art shop, with pottery fired in ancient kilns, and traditional toys carved by hereditary craftsmen.



Night falls, and the centuries go on stage. *Noh* drama from ancient times. *Kabuki*, the theater of the 17th century. And contemporary musicals.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1928

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Town on the French Riviera	9 15 16 28 62 67 72
B. After *The*: story by Shirley Jackson	99 123 146 159 172 205 130
C. Relinquished	189 206 8 22 26 35 48
D. Point at which the stars of a binary system are farthest apart	69 142 150 156 164 173 185 194
E. Progress	2 7 44 70 80 93 98
F. American designer of firearms (1855-1926)	66 77 125 131 144 174 184 195
G. Exalt	197 24 33 36 52 59 85 89
H. Wrapped up	94 110 115 179 187 200 207
I. What the horse opera villain and hero usually do to settle differences (3 wds.)	23 27 37 42 45 73 83 127 114 204
J. "Who are neither children nor Gods, but men —— of men!" (3 wds.; Kipling, "England's answer to the Cities")	5 29 46 54 61 81 103 121
K. The individual's conception of what he would like to be (2 wds.)	208 30 65 82 134 190 71 116
L. Make callous, stubborn, or unfeeling	182 149 152 202 19 107 1 11
M. Time reckoned according to the Gregorian calendar (2 wds.)	32 40 135 192 4 145 203 14

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz (2 wds.)	113 38 132 95 111 181 193 199
O. Involuntary	198 157 168 84 128 196 18 74
P. Ancient, picturesque city of central Iran	100 137 161 177 13 143 151
Q. Of uniform consistency	63 141 147 165 49 88
R. One of Japan's two longest rivers	109 112 126 153 171 155 166 180
S. Pluck	87 92 119 101 139 17
T. Barabas' evil slave (Marlowe, "The Jew of Malta")	31 102 106 162 79 133 170 51
U. Branch	78 118 176 39 50 140 169 105
V. By a slight margin	175 188 56 90 158 12 129 167
W. White hellebore (*Veratrum album*) of Europe	117 122 163 34 148 55 96 124
X. Excess of value of resources over liabilities (2 wds.)	58 75 108 154 25 97 186 68
Y. Matter expelled, as from an erupting volcano	3 60 57 178 41 191
Z. Calumniate	183 91 201 136 10 104
Z¹ Volcanic island, most important of the New Hebrides	20 76 138 64 120
Z² What sportscasters often say "we have" when the score becomes tied (2 wds. after *a*)	47 43 21 86 160 6 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram... When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning... Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line... When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 L	2 E	3 Y		4 M	5 J	6 Z²	7 E		8 C	9 A	10 Z	11 L				
12 V	13 P	14 M	15 A		16 A	17 S	18 O	19 L	20 Z¹		21 Z²	22 C	23 I		24 G	25 X	26 C			
27 I	28 A	29 J	30 K		31 T	32 M		33 G	34 W	35 C		36 G	37 I	38 N	39 U	40 M				
41 Y	42 I		43 Z²	44 E	45 I		46 J	47 Z²	48 C		49 Q	50 U	51 T	52 G	53 Z²		54 J			
55 W	56 V	57 Y		58 X	59 G		60 Y	61 J	62 A	63 Q		64 Z¹	65 K		66 F	67 A				
68 X	69 D	70 E		71 K	72 A	73 I	74 O	75 X		76 Z¹	77 F	78 U	79 T		80 E	81 J	82 K			
83 I	84 O	85 G	86 Z²		87 S	88 Q	89 G	90 V	91 Z		92 S	93 E	94 H		95 N	96 W	97 X			
98 E		99 B	100 P	101 S	102 T	103 J	104 Z		105 U	106 T	107 L	108 X		109 R		110 H	111 N			
112 R		113 N	114 I	115 H	116 K	117 W	118 U	119 S	120 Z¹	121 J		122 W	123 B		124 W	125 F				
126 R	127 I	128 O	129 V	130 B	131 F	132 N	133 T	134 K		135 M	136 Z	137 P		138 Z¹		139 S	140 U			
141 Q	142 D	143 P	144 F	145 M		146 B	147 Q	148 W	149 L		150 D	151 P	152 L		153 R		154 X			
155 R	156 D		157 O	158 V	159 B		160 Z²		161 P	162 T	163 W	164 D	165 Q	166 R	167 V		168 O			
169 U	170 T	171 R	172 B	173 D		174 F	175 V		176 U	177 P	178 Y	179 H		180 R		181 N	182 L			
183 Z		184 F	185 D	186 X		187 H	188 V	189 C	190 K		191 Y		192 M	193 N	194 D	195 F	196 O			
197 G		198 O	199 N	200 H	201 Z	202 L	203 M		204 I	205 B	206 C	207 H	208 K							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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The Pleasure Principle

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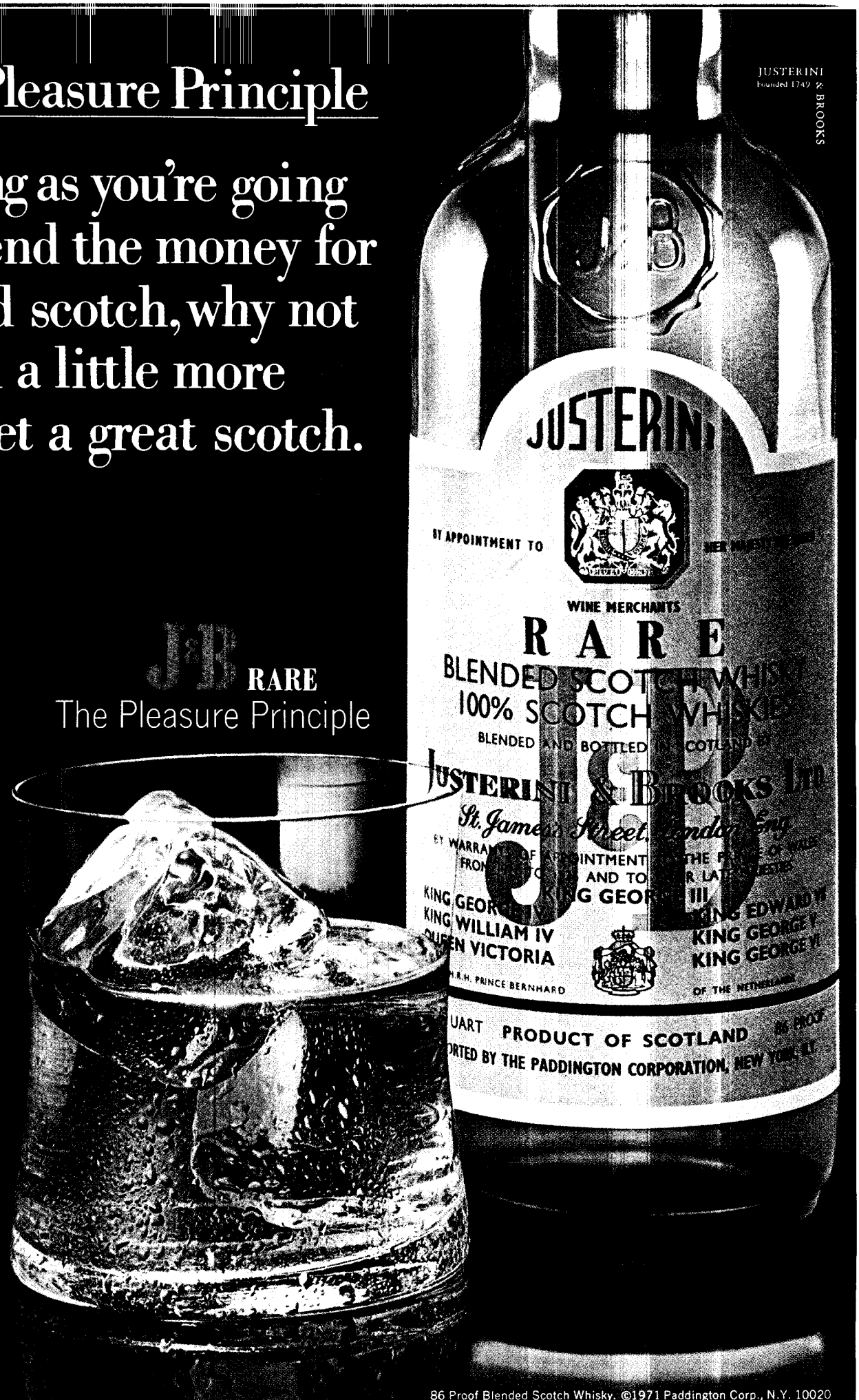

J&B RARE
The Pleasure Principle

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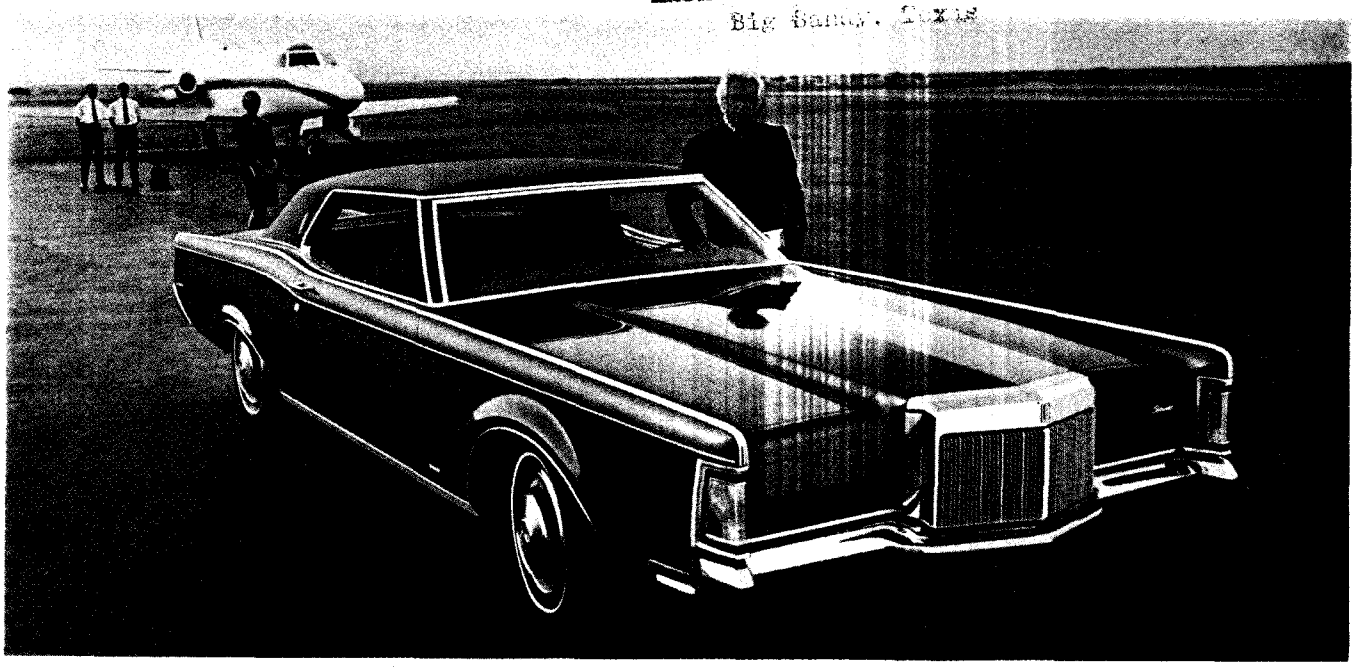

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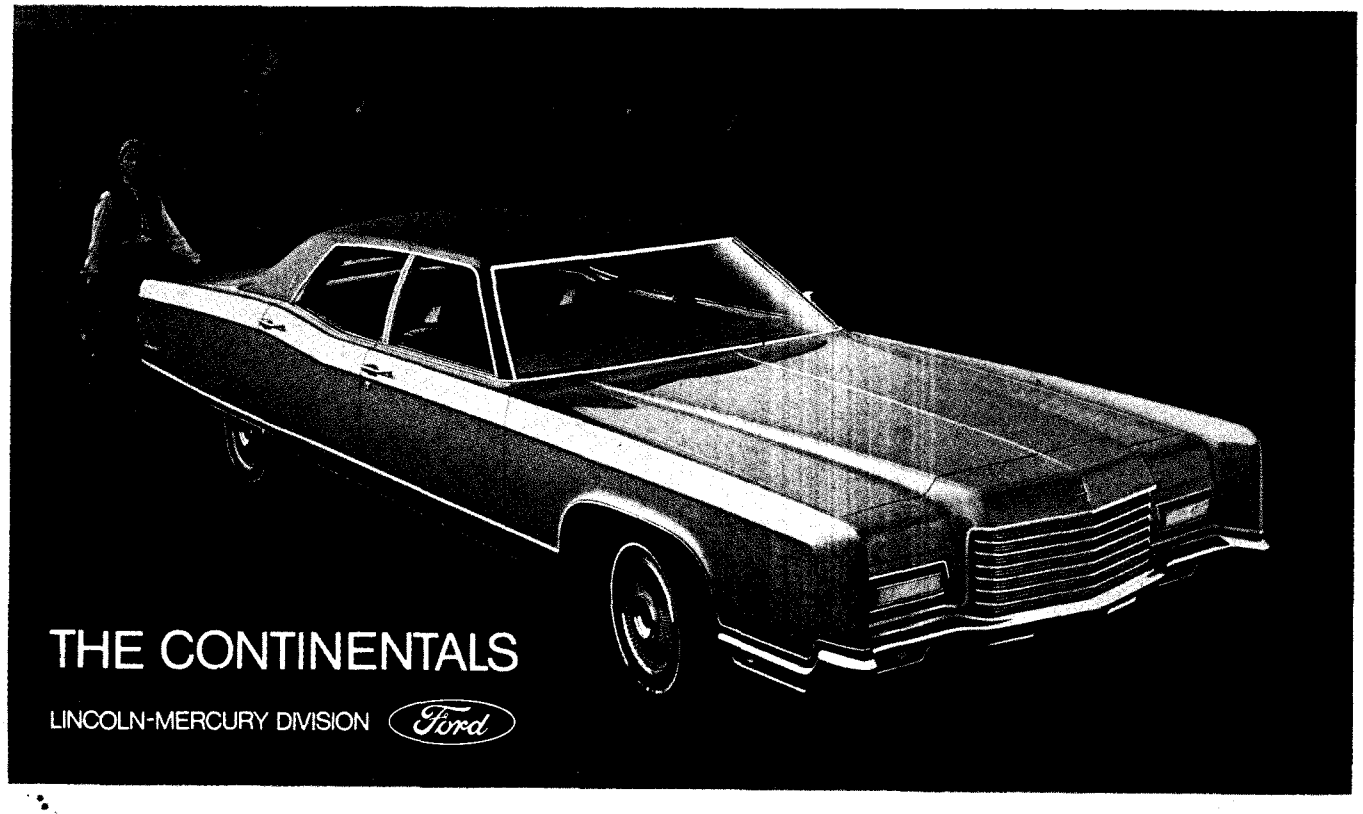

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